Scarronnides,

OR,

VIRGILE TRAVESTIE.

A *MOCK-POEM*,

On the

FIRST and FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

In English Burlesque.

Plin. Ep.

Non minimum est insigniter ineptire.

LONDON,

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TO THE

READER.

THE Reader is desired, for the better comparing of the Latine *and* English *together, to reade on forward unto the ensuing Letter of Direction, before he compare the former with the Original.*

VIRGILE

26 Sept. 60 Howey

VIRGILE
TRAVESTIE.

(a) I *Sing the Man* (reade it who liſt,
A *Trojan* true as ever piſt)
(b) Who from *Troy Town*, by wind and weather
To *Italy* (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and loſt, and toſt,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Poſt.
(c) Long wandred he through thick and thin,
Half-roaſted now, now wet to th' skin;
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd, as 'tis ſaid, by the God's ſpite:
Although the wiſer ſort ſuppoſe
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno's*,
A Murrain curry all curſt Wives!
He needs muſt go, the Devil drives.
(f) Much ſuffer'd he likewiſe in War,
Many dry blows, and many a ſcar:

(a) *Arma virumque cano*, (b) Trojæ *qui primus ab oris*
Italiam *fato profugus*, Lavinaque *venit*
Littora; (c) *multum ille & terris jactatus & alto*
(d) *Vi ſuperum*,——
——(e) *ſævæ memorem* Junonis *ob iram*
(f) *Multa quoque & bello paſſus, dum conderet urbem*,

Many a Rap, and much ado
At Quarter-Staff, and Cudgels too,
Before he could be quiet for 'em:
(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em)
But this ſame Yonker at the laſt,
(All Brawls and ſquabbles over paſt
And all theſe Rake-hells over-come)
(g) Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.
(i) But oh my Muſe! put me in mind,
To which oth' Gods was he unkind?
(k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
(That croſs-grain'd, peeviſh, ſcolding Quean,
That ſcratching, cater-wawling Puſs)
(l) To uſe an Honeſt Fellow thus?
(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
(m) Have Goddeſſes no better manners?
(n) A little Town there was of Old,
Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;
(o) The luſtieſt Carles all thereabouts,
Rich Chuffs and very ſturdy Louts.

——(g) *atque altæ mœnia Romæ*
(i) *Muſa mihi cauſas memora; quo Numine læſo:*
(k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum,* (l) *tot volvere caſus*
Inſignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit? (m) *tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*
(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*
Carthago——
——(o) *ſtudiis aſperrima belli;*

(p) Now

(p) Now this ſame *Carthage* you muſt know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe*:
There are alive that yet will ſwear it,
No Village like it, no place near it:
(q) Except a place (forſooth) that's famous
For her own birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;
Here ſhe her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
Her Needles, Poking-ſticks and Bodkins;
And here (in Houſe which her own Key locks)
(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.
This place then mainly pleas'd her humor:
(s) But ſhe had heard a ſcurvy rumor;
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one day overthrow her Hamlet;
Plunder her Cheſts, Joynt-Stools and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houſes and Stables.
(t) She, fearfull of this ſad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)
(u) And mindfull of her injur'd Honor,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;

(p) *Quam* Juno *fertur terris magis omnibus unam*
(q) *Poſthabitâ coluiſſe* Samo; (r) *hîc illius arma,*
Hîc currus fuit;——
(s) *Progeniem ſed enim* Trojano *à ſanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias *olim quæ verteret arces.*
(t) *Id metuens,*——
(u) *Necdum etiam cauſæ irarum, ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo; manet altâ mente repoſtum
Judicium Paridis——

Did many years bend her devotion,
To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;
And many a ſlippery trick ſhe play'd him,
Till *Jove* at laſt o're Sea convey'd him;
(*) So hard it is where an old Grutch is,
To get out of a Womans Clutches.
Æneas had not been o'th' water
Above an hour, or ſuch a matter;
Nor further row'd, than we may rate
'Twixt *Parſons-Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
Or ſay betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
(x) When *Juno* (full of her old malice)
Thus with her ſelf began to mutter,
Cannot I drown theſe Crows i'th' Gutter?
Muſt they go on, fearing no Colours;
And cannot I ſquander their Scullers?
Muſt theſe ſame *Trojan* Raſcals noſe me,
(y) Becauſe the *Fates* (forſooth) oppoſe me?
(z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies:
(a) But I, *Jove*'s *Siſter*, and his *Wife*,
Can doe no miſchief for my life.

(*) *Tantæ molis erat* Romanam *condere gentem*
Vix è conſpectu Siculæ *telluris in altum*
Vela dabant læti, & ſpumas ſalis ære ruebant;
(x) *Cum* Juno *æternum ſervans ſub pectore vulnus,*
Hæc ſecum; Mene incepto deſiſtere victam?
(y) *Quippe vetor* fatis! (z) Pallaſne *exurere claſſem*
Argivum *potuit?*——
(a) *Aſt ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina,* Joviſque
Et Soror, & conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Bella gero——

(b) *Juno.*

(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus*:
This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows;
A Day, a Week, a Month together,
And by his farting, make foul weather:
Blow Men, and Trees, and Houſes down;
Great Ships, and almoſt Fiſhes drown.
He was, *in fine*, the loud'ſt of Farters:
Yet could command his hinder quarters,
Correct his Tail, and onely blow,
If there occaſion were, or ſo:
(d) Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern,
In the wiſe conduct of his Poſtern,
He make him King of all the Puffers,
Which he (becauſe he knew them Huffers)
Durſt no-where venture, I muſt tell ye,
But in the Caverns of his Belly:
Which having but one Poſtern Gate
For theſe mad Boys to ſally at,
He might the faſter peg them in,
And by the plucking out a Pin,
Then (at his eaſe) *Arſing* about,
To any Quarter, let them out.

(b) *Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans,*
(c) *Æoliam venit: hîc vaſto Rex Æolus antro*
Luctantes ventos tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit.———
(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens*———
———*regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo*
Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.

(e) To this ſame King, Queen *Juno* poſted,
And thus in flatt'ring terms accoſted.
(f) Thou mighty King, whoſe potent ſway
The Lawleſs *Bluſt'rers* do obey;
Whoſe nod the ſtubborn'ſt winds do dread;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whoſe unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compaſs ſtretches,
Hear a poor Queens Requeſt, and ſay
Thou'lt do't; For I muſt have no Nay.
(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a *Pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oars and Sculls, tugging and rowing:
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandering, ſturdy Ragamuffins;
Raſcals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are ſtout and warlike:
(h) If therefore, thou wilt ſmoke theſe Royſters
And ſowſe them all, like pickl'd Oyſters,

(e) *Ad quem tum* Juno *ſupplex his vocibus uſa eſt:*
(f) Æole *(namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex*
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)
(g) *Gens inimica mihi* Tyrrhenum *navigat æquor,*
Ilium *in* Italiam *portans*——
(h) *Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſaſque obrue puppes,*
Aut age diverſas, & dijice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:

There

There is a pretty Maid of mine,
Call'd *Die*, ſhall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearkned to this Story,
With no ſmall Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen ſo gay and trim,
Come to requeſt a Boon of him!
But th' *Wench* i' th' tail of the Preamble,
Oh that! That made his Bowels wamble.
(And wind, you know, under correction,
Is a main Cauſer of Erection.)
He, liſtning ſtood, wrigling and ſcraping,
But durſt not bow, for fear of 'ſcaping;
Until at laſt, with Cap in hand, Sir,
(*i*) He thus return'd with modeſt Anſwer.
O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
That you will uſe your Servant *Æol*:
And ſhould I not pay your Civility,
To th' utmoſt of my poor Ability,
Who are great *Jove*'s Siſter and Wife,
It were e'en pity of my Life.
I'll play theſe Rake-hells ſuch a Hunts up,
As were they ſhee's would turn their ——up.
Say you no more the thing is done;
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mother's Son.
But ſince your Grace is nice of ſmelling,
I wiſh you were at your own dwelling;

(*i*) Æolus *hæc contra: Tuus O Regina quod optes*
Explorare labor. mihi juſſa capeſcere fas eſt.
Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu ſceptra Jovemque
Concilias——

There's

There's Reaſon for't (ſaving your favour)
For truly (Madam) I ſhall favour.
But I beſeech your Grace, in no wiſe
Forget the *Woman*, that you promiſe.
Juno at that, away does go
As ſwift as Arrow out of Bow,
And in leſs while, than I am ſpeaking,
Was got as high, as top of * *Reking:*
No bigger now than School-boys Kite,
And now clean vaniſht out of ſight.
Æol, who all this while ſtood gaping,
At her fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping,
Seeing her mount *Olympus* Stair-caſe,
Began t'untruſs to eaſe his Carcaſe.
Twice belcht he loud from Lungs of leather,
To call his roaring Troops together:
And twice (as who ſhould ſay, We come)
They roar'd i'th' concave of his Womb:
(k) With that he turns his Buttock Sea-ward,
And with a Gibing kind of Nayword;
Quoth he, blind Harpers, have among ye;
'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.
At that ſame word, lifting one Leg,
And pulling out his truſty Peg,

* *Mons Salopienſis.*

(k) *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum converſa cuſpide montem*
Impulit in latus, ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totumque, à ſedibus imis.

(l) He

(*l*) He let at once his General Muſter
Of all that e're could blow, or bluſter;
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel,
Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.
Have you not ſeen below the Sphere,
A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Bear,
How, by the Tapſter when the Stopple
Is raviſh't from the teeming Bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As it were troubled with the ſquitters?
Even-ſo, when *Æol* pluckt the plugg
From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
The Winds burſt out with ſuch a Rattle,
As he had broke the Strings that twattle.
Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they flie,
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;
Throughout the Seas, and Coaſts they wander;
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander;
A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.
This Fellow, and his boiſt'rous Rout,
Finds me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.
Æneas, and his wandring Mates
Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats*;

(*l*) *Unà* Euruſque Notuſque *ruunt, creberque procellis*
Africus, *& vaſtos volvunt ad littora fluctus.*
Inſequitur clamorque virûm, ſtridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubito nubes cœlumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto no incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
Præſentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Think-

Thinking no harm no more than we do,
(For all was fine and fair to ſee to.)
When all oth' ſudden; who would think it!
(By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
It grew ſo dark, that wanting light,
They could not feel the Fiſhes bite;
And ſtraight, e'r one could ſay, What's this?
The Winds began to howl and hiſs,
And in the turning of a hand, Sir,
They grew ſo big, one could not ſtand, Sir.
Then follow'd Rain, Lightning and Thunder,
As the whole world would flie aſunder.
Æneas hearing the Winds threatning,
And * ſeeing monſtrous Billows beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to diſpatch him,
And that the *Haddocks* watcht to catch him,
(*m*) Fell preſently in a cold ſweat,
So ſick he could not drink nor eat;
'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
He had not fal'n into a Swound;
But by *Jove*'s favor being bleſt,
With Guts in's head above the reſt;
Like to a cunning Chapman, he
Made Virtue of Neceſſity,
And in the midſt of all Deſpairs,
Thought it his beſt to fall to Pray'rs;
(*n*) With wofull heart and blubber'd eyes,
Lifting his *Mutton fiſts* to th' skies,

* By the Lightning.

(*m*) *Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:*
(*n*) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas*
Talia voce refert;

He

He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
Either hear now, or never hear;
Now, now, thy Truſty *Trojans* cheriſh,
Help now, or never, elſe we periſh.
(o) Could not *Tydides* at *Troy* Town
Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,
When he kill'd luſty *Hector*, kill Theſe?
And muſt we now be ſent for Diſhes,
To Sharks, and ſuch like greedy Fiſhes?
(p) Thus went he on with his Oriſons,
Which if you mark them well *were wiſe ones*,
Now praying, now expoſtulating;
But he might e'n have held his prating;
For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
The noiſe was ſuch, could no ways hear him:
(q) The winds grew lowder ſtill and lowder,
And play'd their Gambals with a Powder;
Then, then indeed began the pudder,
Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And there one ſinking in a *Gurges*.

——(o) *O* Danaum *fortiſſime gentis*
Tydide, *Mene* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuiſſe, tuáque animam hanc effundere dextra?
Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector——
(p) *Talia jactanti*, (q) *ſtrideas* Aquilone *procella*
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus;——

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus*, Ruſſels,
Upon a paltry Bed of Muſſels,
(s) And three did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-ſands deep moſt lamentably.
(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,
And one *Orontes* never married,
Was, juſt about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned;
Did all he could with might and main,
To have ſwom back to Land again.
His skill he to the tryal puts,
But could not doe it for his Guts:
And therefore was ſouc't up for *Cod-fiſh*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fiſh.)
(u) Now might you ſee the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the foaming Billows ſwimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongſt the Rowling Trenches;

(r) *Tres* Notus *abreptas in ſaxa latentia torquet.*
——(s) *Tres* Eurus *ab alto*
In Brevia *& Syrteis urget, (miſerabile viſu)*
(t) *Unam, quæ* Lycios, *fidumque vehebat* Orontem,
Ipſius ante oculos, ingens à vertice Pontus
In puppim ferit; Excutitur, pronuſque Magiſter
Volvitur in caput. Aſt illum ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.
(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto:*
Arma virûm Tabulæque & Troïa gaza per undas.

Hats,

Hats, Caps, and Caſſocks, Bands, and Ruffs,
(Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs)
Balk-Staves and Cudgels, Pikes & Truncheons,
Brown-bread & Cheeſe that ſwam by luncheons
With Treaſure paſt all mortal matching,
That any man might have for fetching.
(*) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That ſtill increas'd more loud and ſurly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the ſtrange Commotion,
Who liv'd i'th' bottom of the Ocean.
This *Neptune* was of old a Fiſher,
And to *Æneas* a Well-wiſher:
'Cauſe on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word t'her Father for him,
And made him for his good Conditions,
King over all his Pools and Fiſh-Ponds.
This Blade, when firſt he heard the Sea ring,
Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats and Herring:
But at the noiſe he throws his Fray,
Fiſhes, and Salt, and all away.
And taking up his three fork't Trout-ſpear,
(x) Hey, hey (quoth he) what a brave rout's here!

(*) *Interea magno miſceri murmure Pontum,*
Emiſſamque Hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, *& imis*
Stagna refuſa vadis.
——(x) *Graviter commotus, & alto*
Proſpiciens, ſummâ placidum caput extulit undâ.
Diſjectam Æneæ toto videt æquore Claſſem,
Fluctibus oppreſſos Troas *cœlique ruinâ.*
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis *& iræ.*

Under

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
By which he mounted without Ladders,
And thruſting's head above the water,
Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter?
Then ſeeing round how things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miſcarry'd
He ſtraight began to ſmell a Rat,
And ſoon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno*'s contriving,
And ſpite as well as any living.
Have you not ſeen upon a River
A water-dog that is a diver.
Bring out his Mallard, and eſt-ſoons?
Be-ſhake his ſhaggy Pantaloons?
So *Neptune* when he firſt appears,
Shakes the ſalt Liquor from his ears,
And made the winds themſelves to doubt him,
He threw the water ſo about him:
Vext at the Plucks to ſee this clutter,
He ſcarce could ſpeak but ſpurt and ſputter;
(*y*) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus* and *Eurus*,
He thus began in Language furious.
How durſt you Rogues take the opinion
To Vapor here in my Dominion,

(*y*) Eurum *ad ſe* Zephyrumque *vocat, dehinc talia fatur.*
Tantane vos genetis tenuit fiducia veſtri?
Jam cœlum terramque meo ſine Numine, Venti,
Miſcere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego;——ſed motos præſtat componere Fluctus;
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.

Without

Without my leave, and make a lurry,
That Men cannot be quiet for ye!
Raſcals, I ſhall! — But well, go to,
I now have ſomething elſe to do:
If e'r again I catch you creaking,
'Tis ods I ſpoil your Bagpipes ſqueaking.
(z) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman * *Blaſter*, * Speaking to *Boreas* himſelf.
Go tell that farting Fool your Maſter,
That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he,
Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea;
(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
There let him puff and domineer,
But make no more ſuch foiſting here:
And for what's paſt (if my aim miſs not)
I'll teach him fizle in my Piſs-pot.
(b) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,
But that they fled to ſhew repentance,
And he that erſt had made a din moſt,
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmoſt.
Even as a flock of Geeſe do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper;
So nimbly flew away theſe Scoundrels,
Glad they had ſcap'd, and ſav'd their poun-
(drels.

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite veſtro;*
Non illi Imperium pelagi——
(a) *Sed mihi ſorte datum. Tenet ille immania ſaxa,*
Veſtram Eure *domos. Illâ ſe jactet in Aulâ*
Æolus, & clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.
(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
The Sun ſhone bright, as on a *May-day*;
Had there been graſs, one might have made hay:
But yet ſome Boats ſtuck on the Flats,
Their Men all daſh'd like water-Rats;
Neptune at that his ſpeed redoubles,
To eaſe them of their peck of Troubles:
He thruſt his *Muck fork* in two faddom,
Betwixt the Boats and that that ſtaid 'em,
And lifted them ſhier off as clever,
As he had had a Crow or Leaver:
Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row, Eaſt, Weſt, or South, or Norward.
If the Rogues come again, I'll ſwil 'em;
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium:*
And you *Æneas* and your Men,
If e'r you come this way agen,
I hope you'll call, or I'ſt be ſorry,
I'll have a diſh of Lobſters for ye.
Æneas who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a leg, and ſo they parted.
They take their Sculls again and ply 'em,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'em:
Away they cut as ſwift as Swallows,
Plowing the Sea, as Men do Fallows:

(c) *Collectaſque fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit,*
Cymothoe *ſimul &* Triton *adnixus acuto*
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo; levat ipſe Tridenti,
Et vaſtas aperit Syrteis *& temperat æquor.*

Till

Till e'r a Man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th' door and back agen,
(*d*) They all as plainly ſaw the other
Side, as we now ſee one another:
Then there old tugging was, and pulling;
Never ſuch plying and ſuch ſculling;
They whoop'd and ſung gladder and gladder;
I think March-hares were never madder.
At laſt, all dangers notwithſtanding,
(*e*) They came unto a place of Landing;
A pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs,
Juſt ſuch another pair as *Trigg-Stairs:*
Not made for Watermen but Women
That uſe to come and waſh their Linnen:
There was old ſtriving then, and thruſting,
Which with their Sculler ſhould get firſt in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) ſhew ſome breeding;
Let's have no more haſte than good ſpeeding;
Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
And let your Betters go before ye.
With that they all gave place, and reaſon,
It elſe had been no leſs than Treaſon:

(*d*) *Quæ proxima littora curſu*
Contendunt petere.
(*e*) *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus; Inſula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos.

(*f*) Whilſt our *Æneas* at two leapings,
Set the firſt foot upon the ſteppings;
Then all the reſt came in a bundle,
As they would burſt each others Trundle:
Weary they were, the Wind had douc'd 'em,
And ſo they ſate 'em down, and lows'd 'em.
(*g*) After awhile, a Fellow knocks
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-box.
For each Man had his Flint and Touchwood,
The World beſides could ſhew no ſuch wood;
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Bryers,
And fall a making them good Fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Poſnets put on,
To make them Porridge without Mutton.
(*h*) In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,
And as he there awhile ſtood gazing,
(*i*) He ſaw ſome ſheep below him grazing.

—— (*f*) Æneas *collectis navibus omni*
Ex numero ſubit; ac magno telluris amore
Egreſſi optatâ Troes *potiuntur arenâ,*
Et ſale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.
(*g*) *Ac primum ſilici ſcintillam excudit* Achates,
Suſcepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem *corruptam undis,* Cerealiaque *arma*
Expediunt, feſſi rerum; frugeſque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere ſaxo.
(*h*) Æneas *ſcopulum interea conſcendit, & omnem*
Proſpectum late pelago petit.
—— (*i*) *Tres littore cervos*
Proſpicit Errantes——

(*k*) O ho, quoth he, I'll ſoon be wy'ye,
Beſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye.
This ſaid, away my Youth does go,
And fetches ſtraight a good Yew Bow,
His Arrows under's Belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at Butts and Pricks too)
His Head he put a good Steel Cap on,
Becauſe he knew not what might happen:
And thus as if he went to battle,
He goes to murther poor Mens Cattle.
(*l*) His Arrow in the String he nocks,
And ſhoots among the harmleſs Flocks;
Theſe prov'd by chance to be the faireſt,
But he ſtill ſhot at that was neareſt.
(*m*) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other ſhots he made, were ſhort all:
Theſe to his hungry Mates he lurries,
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)
(*n*) Here lads, quoth he, here's ſides and haunches,
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.
Scarce had he made an end of boaſting,
(*o*) But ſome to boiling fell, ſome roaſting;

(*k*) *Conſtitit hic, Arcumque manu, ſceleresque ſagittas,*
(*l*) *Ductoresque ipſos, primum capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis ſternit.
(*m*) *Nec prius abſiſtit quàm ſeptem ingentia victor*
corpora fundat humi.
(*n*) ——*Et ſocios partitur in omnes.*
(*o*) *Pars in fruſta ſecant, verubuſque trementia figunt,*
Littore ahena locant alii, flammaſque miniſtrant.

'Twas ſoon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, guts and all;
Yet ſcarce could ſatisfie their hungers,
Theſe *Trojans* were ſuch Mutton-mongers.
(*p*) There was by chance a *ſtoop* of *Liquor*,
Cork'd up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by my Hoſteſs, I conceive,
When firſt *Æneas* took his leave:
This drink (to make their Feaſt the fuller)
Æneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
And like a Man had ſomething in him,
Gave it as free as e'r 'twas gi'n him:
Himſelf a diſh he firſt pour'd out,
For fear it would not go about;
Then ſtroaking up his whiskers greaſie,
He thus begins in words moſt eaſie.
(*q*) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
W'are got at laſt ſafe o'r the Ferry;
And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
Let's make the beſt of a bad Market:
To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
A grain of mirth's worth pounds of ſorrow;

(*q*) *Vina, bonus quæ deinde cadis onerarat* Aceſtes
Littore Trinacrio, *dederatque abeuntibus, Heros*
Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet.
(*q*) *O ſocii (neque enim ignari ſumus ante malorum)*
O paſſi graviora, Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
Vos & Scyllæam *rabiem, penituſque ſonantes*
Acceſtis ſcopulos; vos & Cyclopea *ſaxa*
Experti——

(*r*) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart, you know, ne'r won fair Lady:
What though awhile we fare but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lie:
We ſhall have Houſes, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty Patches, where no Pox is:
And then all this that ſeems t' undo us,
Will be but ſport and paſtime to us.
(*s*) Thus did this ſubtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter;
As who would make 'em underſtand
How pretty a Fellow he was on's hand:
When I (for all's brave n'alls) muſt tell ye,
His heart then panted in his belly,
(*t*) Down glides his Ale over his pallat,
As glib as't had been Oyl of Sallet;
And all the reſt in their due order
Quaff'd till their drink would go no further.
(*u*) Now having ſpent their drink and vittles
They riſe, and wipe their greaſie *Thwittles*,

——(*r*) *Revocate animos, mœſtumque timorem*
Mittite; forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.
Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, *ſedes ubi fata quietas*
Oſtendunt.
(*s*) *Talia voce refert, curiſque ingentibus ager,*
Spem vultu ſimulat; premit altum corde dolorem.
(*t*) *Implentur veteris* Bacchi, *pinguiſque ferinæ.*
(*u*) *Poſtquam exempta fames epulis, menſæque remotæ,*
Amiſſos longo ſocios ſermone requirunt.

And ſtroaking them began to mind them
Of thoſe were left at Sea behind 'em:
With that *Æneas* made a motion
To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,
They might eſpie their Fellow Tories;
At that they went, ſome this, ſome that way,
Some went not far, and ſome a great way;
Some whoopt, ſome hollow'd, and ſome ſhouted,
(x) Some thought 'em ſafe, and others doubted,
Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
To liſt if they could hear 'em coming;
But all in vain, for none could ſpy 'em,
They fear'd their friends, for none was ny 'em.
At laſt by general Approbation,
They laid 'em down, as was the faſhion,
And ſlept, being tyr'd with pains and feaſting;
When Belly's full, Bones would be reſting.
A ſleep they lie ſnorting and ſnoring,
With ſuch a noiſe as made the Shore ring,
Or ſuch a din as Dogs do utter,
When they by Night together clutter;
Snarling and ſwearing in lewd faſhion,
For Bitch of evil Converſation:
(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leiſure,
Walking, or for his health, or pleaſure,

(x) *Spemque metumque inter dubii, ſeu vivere credant,*
Sive extrema pati;
——— (y) *Cum* Jupiter *æthere ſummo*
Deſpiciens mare velivolum, terraſque jacentes,
Littoraque ———

Look-

Looking about on ev'ry ſide him,
(z) Oth' *Lybian* Coaſts at laſt eſpy'd 'em,
And ſaid in merry kind of Japing,
Indeed Sirs, have I ta'en you Napping?
Scarce had he ſpoke, when all oth' ſudden,
Whilſt he was on the *Trojans* ſtud'ing;
Who ſhould come there to do her duty,
But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty!
* This *Venus* without counterfetting,
Was a fine Lais on's own begetting,
Thou ne'r ſaw'ſt prettier in thy life,
Although he had her not by's Wife,
But by a Fiſh-wench he was kind to,
And ſo ſhe came in at the window:
Now *Venus* was *Æneas*'s Mother,
And him ſhe had by ſuch another
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on Groundſel,
He firkt her Mothers Privy-Councel;
In the behalf then of her By-blow,
Which had endured many a dry-blow;
(a) She weeping came, ſighing and throbbing,
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing:
Until at laſt, with a fine Linning
Wrought round with blue, of her own ſpinning,
Wiping her face from tears and ſnivil,
She thus began in words moſt civil.

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

—— (z) & Lybiæ *defixit lumina Regnis.*
(a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Triſtior & lacrymis oculos ſuffuſa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus.

(*b*) O thou, of Gods, and Men, the King,
That canſt do any kind of thing;
That paſt their wits doſt Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder doſt, or lighten:
What could *Æneas* do to thee?
Who car'ſt a fart for no body:
(*c*) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they ſtill muſt fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no perſuaſions
Let them go follow their occaſions?
(*d*) I'm ſure you promis'd me, and ſwore it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'em, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your bounteous Givings,
They ſhould have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy:*
But I perceive 'twas all a Lye.
(*e*) *Jove* ſtroaking up his great Muſtachoes,
Smil'd for to ſee her ſo outrageous;
For had ſhe broke a Pot or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

—— (*b*) *O qui res hominumque Deumque*
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terres;
(*c*) *Quid* Troes *potuere? quibus tot funera paſſis*
Cunctus ob Italiam *terrarum clauditur Orbis?*
(*d*) *Certe hinc* Romanos *olim, volventibus annis.*
Hinc fore ductores, revocato à ſanguine Teucri.
Qui mare qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te Genitor *ſententia vertit?*
(*e*) *Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque Deorum,*

He

He lov'd her ſo, and 'tis too common,
Either in Man, or elſe in Woman;
Their Baſtards they will clip and kiſs ye,
More dearly than their lawful Iſſue.
(f) *Jove* looking then moſt ſweetly at her,
(For ſhe had made his Mouth to water)
Took her by the Chin, and gave her
A Kiſs of a laſcivious flavor.
(g) My pretty wench, quoth he, I prithee,
Let's have no more ſuch puling with thee:
All ſhall be well enough, ne'r fear it;
And by my Beard once more I ſwear it,
Thy Son *Æneas*, thou doſt doubt ſo,
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout ſo,
Shall be a King, or Prince at leaſt;
I ſpeak in earneſt, not in jeſt.
VVith that he whiſtled out moſt mainly,
You might have heard his Fiſt as plainly
From one ſide of the Sky to th'other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whiſtled he, when by and by,
Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
And ask'd him without more ado,
What 'twas he whiſtled for, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cœlum, Tempeſtateſque ſerenat,*
Oſcula libavit Gnato; dehinc talia fatur.
(g) *Parce metu* Cytherea; *manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi: Cernes urbem, & promiſſa Lavini
Mœnia, ſublimemque feres ad ſydera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam.

This

This *Mercʼry* you muſt underſtand Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:
A nimble Raſcal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
* Dance, run, and leap, friſk and curvet,
Tumble, and do the *Summerſet*;
And fly with artificial wings,
Tyʼd to his head and heels with ſtrings:
ʼTwas he firſt taught to fly iʼthʼ Air,
As we have ſeen at *Bartle* Fair;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could ſay his Errant:
An excʼlent Servant, in plain dealing,
But that he was inclinʼd to ſtealing.
(*b*) Sirrah, quoth *Jove*, go take your Pumps,
And haſte to *Carthage*, ſtir your ſtumps;
And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Inſinuator:
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
Poſſeſs throughout with kind opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, leſt Queen *Dido*
Not knowing things ſo well as I do,
Should ſhewʼem all a Trick of *Paſs-paſs*,
And chance tʼ indict them for a Treſpaſs.
Away he flies *ſans* further ſpeech,
As he had had a Squib inʼs breech;

* See *Plaut.* in *Amphytr.*

(*b*) *Hæc ait*, & Maja *genitum demiſit ab alto,*
Ut terræ, utque novæ pateant Carthaginis *arces*
Hoſpitio Teucris, *ne fati neſcia* Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio Alarum, ac Libyæ *citus aſtitit oris.*

And

And ſuddenly without diſcerning,
(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning;
Dido for her part, ſwore a *Trojan*
Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.
Mean while the *Trojans* ſlept at eaſe,
Unleſs ſometimes bit by white Fleas,
Their ſoft repoſe in quiet taking.
(k) Onely *Æneas* he was waking:
Who whilſt the Night was dark and o'rcaſt,
Like one that had an exc'lent forecaſt,
Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,
How they might get more *Belly timber:*
No ſooner the Light firſt came creeping,
But that he cry'd, Ah Fool! art peeping?
And up he ſtarts to go a ſtealing,
Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing;
And yet he thought, being a Stranger,
To go alone might be ſome danger;
(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiſs
To call a truſty Friend of his;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He laid a Two-hand Bat on's ſhoulder.
Thus going then abroad for Food,
(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood;

——— (i) *Ponuntque ferocia* Pœni
Corda, volente Deo; imprimis Regina *quietum*
Accipit in Teucros *animum, mentemque benignam.*
(k) *At pius* Æneas *per noctem plurima volvens,*
ut primum lux alma data eſt ———
——— (l) *Ipſe uno graditur comitatus* Achate
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
(m) *Cui mater media ſeſe tulit obvia ſylva,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens.

So

So ſmug ſhe was, and ſo array'd,
He took his Mother for a Maid:
A great miſtake in her, whoſe Bum
So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum;
When oft, full oft the luſty Drum-ſtick,
Breaking quite through, would in her Bumſtick.
Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,
Would ſhe be trucking with good Fellows;
And let her ſelf be chuckt as tamely,
As if therein there did no blame lie,
By *Mars*, and many a one beſide,
Or elſe ſhe fouly is bely'd.
(*n*) Well met, young Man, quoth *Venus* kindly,
As you came through the Woods behind ye,
Pray did you not, for all your haſte, note
A Laſs in Petticoat and Waſtcoat;
With ſuch a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
Driving a Sow and Pigs before her?
(*o*) No truly, quoth *Æneas* mild,
I ſaw nor man, woman, or child;
Yet though I ſay't, had I been nigh her,
I could as ſoon as others ſpy her:
But who art thou that ſpeak'ſt ſo ſhrill,
As if thy words came through a Quill?
Thou art of gentle Kindred ſurely,
Thou look'ſt and ſpeakeſt ſo demurely:

——(*n*) *Heus, inquit, juvenes monſtrate mearum*
Vidiſtis ſi quam hic errantem forte ſororum,
Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculoſæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut ſpumantis apri curſum clamore prementem?
——(*o*) *Veneris contra ſic filius orſus:*
Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque viſa ſororum.
O quam te memorem virgo? namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat: ô dea certè. (*p*) There

(p) Therefore good Miſtreſs, or good Lady,
I do beſeech you if it may be,
To put us out of fear of dangers,
(q) Tells where we are, for we are Strangers.
(r) *Venus*, at that, wrigling and mumping,
Cries, pray young Man, leave off your frumping,
For until now I've met with no Man,
E'r took me for a Gentlewoman:
She that I ask for is my Siſter;
I wonder how the Pox you miſt her!
We were this morning ſent in haſte
To fetch a Sow that lies at Maſt.
(s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*,
The Land's ſo good it needs no *Meanor*:
(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who
Run hither a good while ago:
She is a Queen of gentle bearing,
Whoſe Story will be worth the hearing:
(u) But ſhould I tell it all out-right,
I think 'twould laſt a Winters night.
(x) Therefore in ſhort this ſame Queen *Dido*,
Who now, alas, is left a Widow!
Had one *Sichæus* to her *Honey*,
A wealthy Man in Land and Money:

(p) *An* Phœbi *ſoror, an Nympharum ſanguinis una!*
——(q) *Quo ſub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
Jactemur, docea——
(r) *Tum* Venus: *Haud equidem tali me dignor honore*
(s) *Punica regna vides,* Tyrios *&* Agenoris *urbem,*
(t) *Imperium* Dido *Tyria regit urbe profecta*
——(u) *longa eſt injuria, longæ*
Ambages, ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum.
(x) *Huic conjux* Sychæus *erat, ditiſſimus agri.*

(y) Whom

(*y*) Whom one *Pygmalion* unawares,
Kill'd, as he was ſaying on's Prayers;
Only for lucre of his pelf,
Which he had thought t'have had himſelf,
(*z*) And fob'd Queen *Dido* off ſome ſeaſon,
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reaſon)
By telling her a Flim-flam prattle
That he was gone to buy ſome Cattle:
But on a time, as without doubt,
Murther at ſome odd time will out:
One night as ſhe did ſleep and ſnore,
As ſhe had never ſlept before,
(*a*) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,
Comes me her Husband without knocking:
A Link he in his hand did brandiſh,
His face was paler than your Band is:
Nearer he came, and would have kiſs'd her,
At which ſhe well nigh had bepiſs'd her;
But being a Ghoſt of civil faſhion,
He gave her *Words of Conſolation.*
Quoth he, I murther'd am, my Jewel,
By ways moſt barbarous and cruel:
And for to ſhew I tell no Fibs,
(*b*) Look what a hole here's in my Ribs.

——(*y*) *Ille* Sychæum
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum ſuperat——
——(*z*) *egram*
(Multa malus ſimulans) vana ſpe luſit amantem.
(*a*) *Ipſa ſed in ſomnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
——(*b*) *Trajectaque pectora ferro*
Nudavit:——

And

And if thou ſtay'ſt, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
Intends to uſe thee like a Stallion:
(*c*) Therefore begon, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Raſcal ne'r a Penny
To bleſs himſelf; it lies each Farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i' th' Garding.
(*d*) *Dido* at this, riſes up early,
And with her Servants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalions* Curſes,
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purſes;
And in a Boat prepar'd oth' nonce,
Shipt all his Goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whilſt all this Geer
Was ordered by a *Waſtcoateer.*
(*e*) At laſt ſhe came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire Steeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five Marks as ſome would give five Pound for;
Where now ſhe lives a Huſwife wary,
Has her ground ſtockt, and keeps a Dairy:

(*c*) *Tum celerare fugam, patriâque excedere ſuadet,*
Auxiliumque viæ; veteres tellure recludit
Theſauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.
(*d*) *His commota fugam* Dido, *ſociosque parabat:*
Conveniunt quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ fortè parant,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis *opes pelago; Dux fœmina facti.*
(*e*) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem,
Mercatique ſolum, facti de nomine Byrſam;
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.

(*f*) And now young man, I pray ye ſhew me
Whence do you come or wither go ye?
(*g*) This being ſaid, our luſty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labor,
And looking rufully upon her,
Oh! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,
Should I begin my Story ſpinning,
From the firſt end to th' laſt beginning,
I doubt to finiſh we ſhould miſs time,
For it would laſt till t' morrow this time.
(*h*) We *Trojans* are of *Troy-Town* Race,
(If e'er you heard of ſuch a place.)
(*i*) And I *Æneas* fam'd in Fight;
But much more for a Carpet-Knight.
Who bring along our Countrey Gods,
A company of ſmoaky Toads,
Catcht out o' th' fire from the *Greek*,
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my Pedigree,
(Although I ſay't) with any *He*,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Eſpecially by th' Mothers ſide.

(*f*) *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?*
Quove tenetis iter?——
——(*g*) *Quærenti talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imoque trahens à pectore vocem:
O Dea, ſi prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.
(*h*) *Nos Troja antiqua (ſi veſtras fortè per aures*
Trojæ nomen iit)——
(*i*) *Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoſte penates.*
Claſſe veho mecum,——

Did

Did my Fame never hither come?
I'm talk'd of far, and near at home;
To tell you truly as a Friend,
(*k*) For *Italy* we did intend,
And put to Sea in paltry weather,
(*l*) With twenty pair of Oars together:
Of which there hardly are left ſeven,
Which put into the ſhore laſt Even.
(*m*) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,
And ſeeing he could ſcarce hold crying;
Thus cut him off in courteous faſhion
I'th' midſt on's pitifull Relation:
(*n*) Whoe'r thou art, take heart I ſay,
Rome can't be built all on a day;
And though y'have ſuffer'd ſome diſaſters,
Yet let me tell you this, my Maſters,
'Tis a good ſign that thoſe Gods love ye,
For all your haſte, that hither drove ye:
You might have walkt your Pumps apieces,
E'r light on ſuch a place as this is.
(*o*) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand;
And ſhew her how your matters ſtand:

(*k*) Italiam *quæro, patriam, & genus ab* Jove *ſummo.*
(*l*) *Bis denis* Phrygium *conſcendi navibus æquor,*
Matre dea monſtrante viam, data fata ſequutus.
Vix ſeptem convulſæ undis, Euróque ſuperſunt,
——— (*m*) *Nec plura querentem*
Paſſa Venus *medio ſic interfata dolore eſt.*
(*n*) *Quiſquis es, haud (credo) invisus cœliſtibus, auras*
Vitales carpis, Tyriam *qui adveneris urbem:*
(*o*) *Perge modò atque hinc te reginæ ad limina perfer.*

She'll make you welcome for her part;
She loves tall Fellows in her heart:
(p) There on my honeſt word, you'll meet
Your loſt Companions, I fore-ſee't;
And have all things that you would wiſh,
(q) Or ſurely I was taught amiſs:
(And I a Father had, could make
In time of need, an Almanack)
Chear up your hearts, your ſpirits rally,
And ne'r ſtand fooling, ſhall I, ſhall I,
But budge, jog on, beſtir your Toes,
(r) There lies your way, follow your Noſe.
(s) With that ſhe turn'd to go away,
And did her freckl'd Neck diſplay;
By which, and by a certain whiff,
Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliff,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mothers Grace:
(t) Mother, quoth he, why doſt thou run thus,
And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy *Son* thus?

(p) *Namque tibi reduces ſocios claſſemque relatam*
Nuncio——

(q) *Ni fruſtra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

(r) *Perge modò & qua te ducit via, dirige greſſum.*

(s) *Dixit: & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit;*
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos;
Et vera incеſſu patuit dea; ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem eſt voce ſecutus.

(t) *Quid natum totiès crudelis tu quoque falſis*
Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces?

Why

Why may we not ſhake one another
By th'hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our woful Caſes,
Whilſt thus we wander in ſtrange places!
(*u*) But ſhe was gone, for when ſhe liſt,
She foiſt away could, in a Miſt;
Nor could ſhe tarry, to ſay truly,
For ſhe had made a promiſe newly
To meet a Friend of hers to dally,
In a blind Street they call *Ram-Alley.*
Æneas then began to find,
That there was ſomething in the wind,
And ſaid, My Mother's a mad ſhaver,
No man alive knows where to have her;
But I'd as live as Half a Crown,
We two could walk ſo into th' Town.
Venus heard what he ſaid, for ſhe
Could hear as far as we can ſee;
And in a moment to befriend 'em
Two Cloaks inviſible did lend 'em.
Thus cloakt, their Knavery to ſhelter,
(*y*) Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Until *Æneas* and his Friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns end.

(*u*) *At* Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit;*
Et multo nebulæ circum dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, nec quis contingere poſſet,
Molirive moram———.
(*x*) *Ipſa* Paphum *ſublimis abit,*———
(*y*) *Corripuere viam interea, qua ſemita monſtrat;*
Jamque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adverſaſque aſpectat deſuper arces.

(z) *Æneas* ſtar'd about and wonder'd,
To ſee of Houſes a whole hunderd:
But when he ſaw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.
(a) The Town was full all in a pother,
Some doing one thing, ſome another;
Some digging were, ſome making Mortar,
Some hewing Stone, and ſuch a Quarter:
For they were all as Story tells,
Building or doing ſomething elſe;
(b) And to be ſhort, all that he ſees,
Were working buſily as Bees.
(c) I'th' middle of the Town there ſtood
A goodly *Elm* ore-grown with Wood;
And under that were Stocks moſt duly,
To lock them faſt that were unruly:
There ſate they down to eaſe their Travel,
Picking their ſweaty Toes from Gravel:
And lookt about as they lay lurking,
(d) To ſee the buſie *Tyrians* working:
But none could ſee them for their ſpell,
They were ſo hid they might as well,
Though they had been never ſo nigh 'em,
See through a double dore as ſpy 'em.

(z) *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*
(a) *Inſtant ardentes Tyrii; pars, ducere muros*
Molirique arcem, & manibus ſubvolvere ſaxa:
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere ſulco.
(b) *Quales apes æſtate nova per floreа rura*
Exercet ſub ſole labor ——
(c) *Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætiſſimus umbra:*
(d) *Inſertſe ſeptus nebula (mirabile dictu)*
Per medios, miſcetque viris neque cernitur ulli.

Near

Near ſtood the Church, a pretty Building;
Plain as a Pike-ſtaff without gilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unleſs't be *Panerace*, If you know it.
(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholding unto none;
But built it all, both Stick and Stone,
At her own proper coſt and charges;
No Church i'th' Countrey near ſo large is:
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar:
For ſo the Workmen did exhort her,
Becauſe it would be ſo much ſtronger,
And ſo you know would laſt the longer.
It had a Dore peg'd with a Pin,
To ſhut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden Steeple,
A Low Bell hung to call the People.
Æneas and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whoſe miſty Cloaks ſo well did hide 'em,
That in they went and no one ſpy'd 'em.
(f) But then they wonder'd to behold
The Images ſo manifold

(e) *Hic templum* Junoni *ingens Sidonia* Dido
Condebat——

(f) *Artificúmque manus inter ſe, operumque labores*
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque tam fama totum vulgata per orbem;
Atridas, Priamumque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem,
Conſtitit, & lachrymans: Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

That ſtaring ſtood in ſundry places,
As if they would flie in their faces,
Then, quoth *Æneas* to his Comrade,
This Fellow Maſter was on's Trade,
That pictur'd theſe, Look, look, as I am
An honeſt man, yonder's our *Priam*;
See where he ſtands in Silk and Sattin,
As he could ſpeak both Greek and Latin,
Whoop yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troylus*,
Look thee, how there the *Grecians* foil us;
(*g*) And there our truſty *Trojans* do
Bang them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
With his Cock-feather in his Cap:
And yonder's one for all's Bravado,
Knocks him with luſty Baſtinado.
How came theſe here t' be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.
(*h*) Whilſt thus *Æneas* ſad and muddy,
Stood muſing in a dark brown Studdy,
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
In Apron white as on a *May-day*:
A crew of Royſters waited on her,
Which there were call'd her Men of Honor:
All clad in fair blew Coats and Badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

(*g*) *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus:
Hac Phryges, inſtaret curru criſtatus Achilles.
(*h*) *Hæc dum Dardanio Æneæ miranda videntur,*
Dum ſtupet, obtutuque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Inceſſit, magna juvenum ſtipante caterva.

(*i*) Even

(*i*) Even as a proper woman ſhows
When unto Wake or Fair ſhe goes,
Clad in her beſt Apparel, ſo
Queen *Dido* all this time did ſhow,
And was ſo brave a buxom Laſs,
That ſhe did all i'th' Town ſurpaſs,
Into the midſt oth' Church ſhe marches,
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool ſet for the nonce,
She went to reſt her Marrow-bones.
And on a Cuſhion ſtufft with Flocks,
She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.
(*k*) There *Dido* ſate in State each day,
To hear what any one could ſay;
Some to rebuke, and for to ſmooth ſome,
And give out Laws wholeſome, or toothſome;
To puniſh ſuch as had Inſolence,
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens*:
And there likewiſe each morning tide,
She did the young Mens Tasks divide,
Wherein great Policy did lurk,
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,
And fell about it without jangling:
But that which kept them moſt from wrangling

(*i*) *Qualis in* Eurotæ *ripis aut per juga* Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſequuntæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque deas ſupereminet omnes.
(*k*) *Tum foribus diræ, mediâ teſtudine templi,*
Septa armis, ſolioque altè ſubnixa reſedit;
Jura dabat, legeſque viris, operumque laborem
Partibus æquabat juſtis, aut ſorte trahebat.

Was

Was that they ſtill drew cuts to know,
Whether they ſhould work hard or no:
And who had th' longeſt cut, and beſt,
Had ſtill more work than all the reſt.
(*l*) Here whilſt *Æneas* ſqueez'd and thruſt is
To ſee Queen *Dido* doing juſtice:
Who ſhould he but his Fellows ſpie
Got into *Dido*'s Company?
There *Anthens* was (no Mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergeſtus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapor;
Cloanthus too, the Woollen-Draper:
All which and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to ſhore.
(*m*) At this *Æneas* and his Friend
Were e'n almoſt at their wits end,
Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I ſwear,
Quoth he how think'ſt, how came they here?
Nay, quoth the other preſently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I?
(n) *Æneas* was ſo glad on's kin,
He ready was t' leap out o's skin,
And ſo was t'other, for, in ſadneſs,
They were e'n mad, 'twixt fear and gladneſs:

(*l*) *Cum ſubitò* Æneas *concurſu accedere magno*
Anthea, Sergeſtumque videt fortemque Cloanthum,
Teucrorumque alios, ater quos æquore turbo
Diſpulerat penituſque alias advexerat oras.
(*m*) *Obſtupuit ſimul ipſe, ſimul perculſus Achates:*
(*n*) *Lætitiaque metuque avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant; ſed res animos incognita turbat;
Diſſimulant, & nube cava ſpeculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris;——

Ba:

But yet it ſeems, they were ſo wiſe,
To keep them ſafe in their diſguiſe;
Untill their Friends had try'd th' Opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians.*
(o) At laſt they ſaw one *Ileoneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious:
A Youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician:
One that could write and reade; and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thruſt up to *Dido* in good faſhion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.
(p) O *Queen*, who here haſt built a Village,
And keep'ſt thy Ground in hearty Tillage:
O thou, who haſt the Royal Science,
To govern Men as wild as Lyons,
Behold us here, who look like Men
New eaten and ſpew'd up agen:
So ſpitefully has fortune croſt us,
So wofully the Seas have toſt us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you ſee,
Even as poor as poor may be;
Thrown on this Shore by Wind and Weather;
Ill luck, the Devil, and all together;

(o) *Poſtquam introgreſſi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido ſic pectore cæpit;
(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Juſtitiaque dedit gentes frænare ſuperbas.
Troes te miſeri, ventis maria omnia vecti
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parce pio generi, & propius res aſpice noſtras,

And

And humbly do beſeech your Grace,
To pity our moſt wofull caſe.
Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
And look upon us grim and ſurly,
So that if you be not good to us,
They'll burn our Boats, and quite undoe us.
Therefore we pray you ſend ſome one,
To bid 'em let our Boats alone.

(q) Alas! we come not to purloin,
Either your Cattle, or your Coin;
Neither to filch Linnen or Woollen,
Nor yet to ſteal away your Pullen;
W'have no ſuch knaviſh ends as theſe,
But only to beg Bread and Cheeſe.

(r) We were hard rowing to a place,
A hardiſh kind of Name it has,
Where once your what ſhal's cal'ems (rot 'em!
It makes me mad I have forgot 'em)
Liv'd a great while; but now d'ye ſee,
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare penates*
Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas:
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.

(r) *Eſt locus (Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)*
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ;
Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine gentem.
Hæc curſus fuit——

(s) When

(*s*) When on a ſudden one *Orion*,
Powder'd upon us like a Lyon,
And ſquander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown our ſelves:
So that of Sixſcore men, and deſt ones,
Even here, O Queen, are all left on's.
Then what ſhould ail your *Tyrians* thus
To ſcowl and look askew at us;
Or where the Devil were they bred,
Sure ranker Clowns neer liv'd by Bread!
And for to tell your Grace my thought,
I think they're better fed than taught,
For, (as I am an honeſt man,
Let 'em deny it if they can.)
(*u*) No ſoooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us:
But, *Queen*, I hope thou'lt teach the wretches,
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.
(*x*) *Æneas* once did us command,
A taller Fellow of his hand,

(*s*)——*Cum ſubitò aſſurgens nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitúſque procacibus Auſtris,
Pérque undas ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit, hùc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris;
(*t*) *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria?
(*u*) *Hoſpitio prohibemur arenæ,*
Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.
(*x*) *Rex erat Æneas nobis; quo juſtior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis;
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Ætherea nec adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
Non metus, officio nec te certaſſe priorem
Pœniteat——

Nor

Nor honeſter ne'r did, or ſhall,
Draw out a Trapſtick to a Wall.
If he but live and that already
He be not drowned in ſome eddy,
You of your coſt will ne'r repent you,
For to a penny he'll content you.
(y) Look then oth' *Trojans*, and befriend 'em.
Let's draw our Boats aſhore, and mend 'em.
We'll promiſe you, if that we meet
Our Captain with the reſt oth' Fleet,
And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon,
We toward *Italy* will trudge on;
(z) And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,
Then back again we'll ſtraight be packing.
(*) *Dido* like Woman of good faſhion,
Gave ſpecial heed to his Relation,
And all the while he did relate it,
Mumpt like a Bride that would be at it.
At laſt when he had told his Tale,
Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
She thus reply'd; *Trojans*, be cheery,
Pluck up your hearts and reſt you merry;

(y) *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,*
Et ſylvis aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos;
Si datur Italiam ſociis, & rege recepto.
Tendere, ut Italiam læti, Latiumque petamus;
(z) *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,*
Pontus habet Libyæ, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iuli;
At freta Sicaniæ ſaltem ſedeſque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Aceſtem.
(*) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demiſſa profatur:*
Solvite corde metum Teucri; ſecludite curas.
Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri——— Cur

Our Towns folks here are ſomething wary;
Not that they any Ill-will bear you;
For they are very honeſt Fellows;
But that of late a chance befell us.
To tell you true, the other day,
When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,
A luſty Raſcal, ſuch a one
As one of you (diſpraiſe to none)
Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,
Where all our Cloaths were hung to Bleach,
Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
The very beſt of all my Stock;
And runs away wi't in a trice:
('T had ne'r been on my back paſt twice:)
But you I know ſuch baſeneſs ſcorn,
You all are Men well bred and born.
(a) Who has not heard oth' *Trojan* people,
And of *Æneas* and his ſwipple?
Nor ſhall you find us dames of *Tyre*,
So far remov'd from *Phœbus* fire;
But we can cheriſh luſty Y'eomen,
And carry Toyes like other Women;
(b) Therefore you ſhall, whether you go
Straight on to *Italy*, or no:

(a) *Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ neſciat urbem?*
Virtutéſque, virósque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni;
Nec tam adverſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe;
(b) *Seu vos Heſperiam magnam, Saturniáque arva.*
Sive Erycis fines, regémque optatis Aceſtem.
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque juvabo.

Or

Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Pariſh back again,
Have what you want; nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get Money:
(c) But if you'll tarry here, this Town
That I now build ſhall be your own;
And be as free you *Trojans* ſhall,
As any *Tyrian* of 'em all.
A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hoſe on's head:
(d) And I could wiſh that the ſame weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to doe;
(e) But I'll ſend out my Men; who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts?
(f) *Æneas* in his miſty Cloke,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* ſpoke.

(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?*
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt; ſubducite naves.
Teucros Tyriuſque mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.
(d) *Atque utinam rex ipſe Noto compulſus eodem*
Afforet Æneas; ———
——— (e) *Per littora certos*
Dimittam, & Libyæ luſtrare extrema juvabo,
Si quibus ejectus ſylvis, aut urbibus errat
(f) *His animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*
Et Pater Æneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant ———

Her

Her honey words made his mouth water,
And he e'n twitter'd to be at her,
But he was ſo o'r joy'd he ſtood
Like a great Sloven made of Wood;
And could not ſpeak (though he were willing)
Would one have gi'n him Forty ſhilling.
(*g*) At laſt his Friend jog'd him with's hand;
How like a Logger-head you ſtand!
Quoth he, for certainly I think,
Thou'rt either mad, or in thy drink:
Doſt thou not ſee our Friends all round,
Excepting one whom we ſaw drown'd:
And all as well, as heart can wiſh,
And yet thou ſtand'ſt as mute as Fiſh!
(*b*) Scarce had he ſpoke, but off he threw
His Mantle made of Miſts ſo blue,
And ſtood as plainly to be ſeen
As any there, *God bleſs the Queen.*
(*i*) For's Mother had ſo dizen'd him,
That he ſhould ſhew both neat and trim:

(*g*) *Prior Æneam compellat Achates,*
Nate dea, quæ nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
Omnia tuta vides, claſſem ſociósque receptos:
Unus abeſt, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
Submerſum. ———
(*b*) *Vix ea fatus erat, cùm circumfuſa repentè*
Scindit ſe nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:
Reſtitit Æneas claráque in luce refulſit,
(*i*) *Os humerósque Deo ſimilis; námque ipſa decoram*
Cæſariem nato genetrix lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores;

Though (truly!) he was but an odd man,
Splay-mouth'd, crump-ſhoulder'd, like the god *Pan.*
Yet could he not i'th' nick invent
Her Majeſty a Compliment:
But ſcratch'd his hand and 'gan to ſputter,
His Elbow rub'd and kept a clutter,
Mopping and mowing, till at laſt
All difficulties over-paſt,
(k) In Courtly Phraſe it thus came out;
Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout:
That ſame *Æneas* whom you prize thus,
Is here without *Deceptio Viſus*;
I that ſame very man am here,
And come to taſte of your good chear.
(l) O *Dido* Primroſe of Perfection,
Who only granteſt kind protection
To wandring *Trojans*, how ſhall we
E'r pay thee for this Courteſie!
We never can my dainty Friend;
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an end.

(k) *Tum ſic reginam alloquitur, cunctiſque repentè*
Improviſus ait: Coram, quem quæritis adſum
Troïus Æneas ———

(l) *O ſola infandos Trojæ miſerata labores:*
Quæ nos, reliquias Danâum terræque mariſque
Omnibus exhauſtos jam caſibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo ſocias. Grates perſolvere dignas
Non opis eſt noſtræ, Dido: nec quicquid ubique eſt
Gentis Dardaniæ magnum quæ ſparſa per orbem.
Dii tibi (ſiqua pios reſpectant numina, ſiquid
Uſquam juſtitiæ eſt, & mens ſibi conſcia recti)
Præmia digna ferant; ———

(m) Thus

(*m*) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;
And ſpoke to's men, ſays, Lads how is't?
Come give me every one a Fiſt;
How doſt thou, *Guy*, and Sirs how do ye?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to ſee ye;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Than where we were a while ago,
No longer ſince than yeſterday:
Welcome to *Tyre*, as I may ſay.
With that to ſhaking hands they fall,
And he moſt friendly ſhak't them all:
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have ſhak't 'em better.
(*n*) Queen *Dido* raviſh't to behold
The Carriage ſweet of this Springold.
Star'd for a while, as ſhe'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind unto him.
(*o*) O thou who haſt ſo finely been bred,
And com'n art of ſuch honeſt Kindred,
By what ſtrange luck haſt thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd!
'Tis ſtrange thou haſt not burſt thy Hoops,
Th'aſt been ſo bang'd about the Stoops.

(*m*) *Sic fatus; amicum*
Ilionea petit dextra lævaque Sereſtum;
Poſt alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.
(*n*) *Obſtupuit primo aſpectu Sidonia Dido,*
Caſu deinde viri tanto; & ſic ore locuta eſt;
(*o*) *Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula caſus*
Inſequitur? quæ vis immanibus applicat oris?

(p) Art thou *Æneas* with th'great Ware
So famous for a Cudgel-player,
Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices
Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchiſes?*
(q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
(I think he had not many Sprucer)
To take poſſeſſion of an Iſland,
That was ſome Twenty Rood of dry-land.
(r) And he ſtill gave great commendations
Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;
He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
And told me you and he were Couſins.
(s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you
Are welcome without more adoe.
I have my ſelf (I'd have you know)
Been driven to my ſhifts e'r now;
And therefore in my Juriſdiction,
Pity a Beaſt that's in affliction:
(t) With that ſhe ſtretched forth a hand,
So white, it made *Æneas* ſtand

(p) *Tûne ille Æneas, quem Dardanio Anchiſæ*
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
(q) *Atque equidem eucrum memini Sidona venire,*
Finibus expulſum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli;———
(r) *Ipſe hoſtis Teucros inſigni laude ferebat;*
Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à ſtirpe volebat
(s) *Quare agite, ô tectis juvenes ſuccedite noſtris.*
Me quoque per multos ſimilis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hac demum voluit conſiſtere terra.
Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
(t) *Sic memorat; ſimul Æneam in regia ducit*
Tecta;———

Amaz'd

Amaz'd to ſee't (for know that ſhe
Still waſh'd her hands in Chamber-Lee)
And led *Æneas* in kind faſhion,
Towards her Graces habitation;
And made a Curtzy at the dore,
And pray'd him to go in before:
But he moſt curteouſly cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred than ſo;
But let him ſay what he ſay could,
Dido ſwore *Faith and Troth* he ſhould:
Well (quoth *Æneas*) I ſee ſtill,
Women and Fools muſt have their will:
And thereupon without more talking,
Enters before her proudly ſtalking.
Scarce were they got within the dores,
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
And a great coyl and ſcolding kept,
Becauſe the houſe was not clean ſwept:
(*a*) Then all in haſte away ſhe ſends
Victuals unto *Æneas* Friends;
Peaſe-porridge, Bacon, Puddings, Sowſe,
Oth' very beſt ſhe had i'th' houſe;
Butter, and Curds, and Cheeſes plenty,
To fill their Guts that were full empty;
Bidding them eat, and never ſave it,
But call for more, and they ſhould have it.

(*a*) *Nec minus interea ſocius ad littora mittit*
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga ſuum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos.

(*b*) This being done, the dainty Queen
Conducts the *Trojans* further in;
Into a Parlor neat ſhe takes 'em:
And there moſt fairly welcome makes 'em:
She ſerv'd 'em drink and victuals up,
As long as they would eat or ſup;
Whilſt each one there ſo play'd the Glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton.
No ſooner had the *Trojans* bold
Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold;
But that *Æneas* ſtraight begun,
(*c*) All-to-bethink him of his Son.
* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.* * Now you muſt know that he had had
A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad.
The Laſs *Creuſa* had to name,
Whom (be it ſpoken to their ſhame)
The *Greeks*, when firſt they took *Troy* City,
Did thruſt to death, without all pity:
Firſt of that Sex ſure in fair juſting,
That ever ſuffer'd death by thruſting.
(*d*) His Son, *Aſcanius* hight, a Page,
About ſome dozen years of Age,
This Boy *Æneas* ſent *Achates*
To fetch; quoth he, ſince we feed *gratis*,
Why ſhould not now my little Baſtard,
(That I dare ſwear would prove no Daſtard)

(*b*) *At domus interior regali ſplendida luxu*
Inſtruitur, mediiſque parant convivia tectis.
(*c*) *Omnis in* Aſcanio *chari ſtat cura parentis.*
(*d*) Æneas *rapidum ad naves præmittit* Achatem,
Aſcanio *ferat hæc, ipſumque ad mœnia ducat.*

Come

Come to Queen *Dido*'s houſe, and Feaſt,
As we have done oth' very beſt?
Go fetch him then, (*e*) and let him bring's
Out of my Coffer, thoſe gay things
I ſav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineneſs
He ſhall preſent unto her Highneſs.
There is a riding-hood and Safe-guard
Of Yellow Lace, bound with a brave guard,
Which *Hellen* wore, the very day
That *Paris* ſtole her quite away.
(*f*) Then there's a Diſtaff neatly wrought,
That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
For carved Work fit to be ſeen,
Betwixt the legs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruff,
Made of a pure and coſtly Stuff,
To wear about her Highneſs neck,
Like Mrs. *Cockaynes* in the *Peak*;
And laſt a Quoif, wrought gorgeouſly
With Tinſel, and *Blew Coventry:*
Then go as faſt as th' canſt, I prithee,
And bring him and theſe Preſents with thee.

(*e*) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis*
Ferre jubet, pallam ſigni, auroque rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; *quos illa* Mycenis,
Pergama *cum peteret, inconceſſoſque* Hymenæos
Extulerat——

(*f*) *Præterea ſceptrum,* Ilione *quod geſſerat olim*
Maxima natarum Priami, *colloque monile*
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.

(*g*) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as faſt, as if h' had ridden;
But *Venus*, that ſame cunning Dame,
Had yet another Trick to play 'em.
(*h*) She had no very good Opinion
Of your ſo ſmooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*,
Nor knew ſhe but the Queen might be
As full of Craft as Courteſie.
(*i*) And ſhe was ſure that *Juno* would
Do all the miſchief that ſhe could;
Therefore ſhe in all haſte did run
T' a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.
This *Cupid* was a little Tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peeviſh Nyny;
No bigger than a good *Points Tag*;
But yet a vile unhappy Wag.
He ne'r would go to School, but play
The Truant every other day:
Run men into the Breech with pins,
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their ſhins;
Kill Peoples Hens, and ſteal their Chicks,
And do a Thouſand Roguy Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breecht Elf
Would ſhoot like *Robin Hood* himſelf;
And had, I warrant, every dart,
Poyſon'd with ſuch a ſubtle art,

(*g*) *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat* Achates.
At Cytherea *novas artes, nova pectore verſat*
Conſilia———
(*h*) *Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues.*
(*i*) *Urit atrox* Juno———

That

That where they hit their power was ſo,
It made Folks love, would they or no.
And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
Was call'd *The God of Love*, forſooth.
To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun
To flatter up her Graceleſs Son;
(*k*) My Goldy Locks, (quoth ſhe) my Joy,
My pretty little tyny Boy:
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
T'implore thy little Deity.
(*l*) Thou know'ſt as well as any other,
How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,
Our poor *Æneas*, what a Clatter,
She made to drown him on the water;
Nay ſhe would doe more miſchief ſtill,
If the curſt Queen might have her will.
(*m*) *Æneas* now is at a place,
Call'd *Carthage*, with a handſome Laſs,
Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
Made on as much, as heart can wiſh;
(*n*) But leſt the Queen ſhould change her mind
As Weather-Cocks do with the wind,

(*k*) *Gnate, mea vires, mea magna potentia, ſolus*
Gnate patris ſummi qui tela Typhoëa temnis;
Ad te confugio, & ſupplex tua numina poſco.
(*l*) *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum*
Littora jactetur, odiis Junonis iniquæ,
Nota tibi——
(*m*) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma*
Reginam meditor, ne quo ſe numine mutet;

And

And thorough *Juno*'s Wiles at laſt,
Shew him a Womans ſlipp'ry caſt:
My pretty Archer, let us two
Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
My Son *Æneas* does diſpatch
Achates to the Wharf to fetch
My little Grandchild, who muſt come,
To ſup in *Dido*'s Dining-Room.
Now ſince that thus in ſhort the Caſe is,
And that thou canſt ſo well cut Faces:
(*o p.*) I would have thee to ſet thy *Phyſ'-Nomy* in ſuch a ſhape as his:
And go along as meek and mild,
As any little ſucking child.
When thou com'ſt there, I know the Queen
Will clip, and kiſs thee Cheek, and Chin;
Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raiſons;
Then muſt thou play thy Petty-Treaſons,
Lick her Lips, flatter her, Cog,
And ſet her Highneſs ſo oth' Gog,
That Fame, and honour ſhe may go by,
And let *Æneas* firk her Toby.

(*o*) ——— *Faciem mutatus & ora* Cupido
Pro dulci Aſcanio *veniat.*
(*p*) *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam*
Falle dolo, & notos pueri puer indue vultus.
Ut cum te gremio accipiet lætiſſima Dido,
Regales inter menſas, laticémque Lyæum,
Cum dabit amplexus, atque oſcula dulcia figet,
Occultum inſpires ignem, falſi ſque veneno.

(*q*) This

(q) This is my Plot, and that nought croſs it,
I'll make the Child a ſleeping Poſſet.
And when he's faſt, I will him hide
I'th' top oth' Garret upon *Ide*.
(a) *Cupid* who Miſchief lov'd I think,
Better by half than Meat or Drink;
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.
His wings he from his ſhoulders throws,
Becauſe they'd not go into's Clothes.
And dreſt himſelf to ſuch a wonder,
That none could know the Lads aſunder.
(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,
That made him ſleep like any Top;
And whilſt he taking was a Nap,
She laid him neatly in her Lap,
And carri'd him to a houſe that ſtood
Upon an Hill in an old Wood:
And when ſhe had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavender*.
(c) In the mean time Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iulus* Clothes;

(q) *Hunc ego ſopitum ſomno ſuper alta* Cythera
Aut ſuper Idalium *ſacratâ ſede recondam,*
(a) *Paret amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas*
Exuit, & greſſu gaudens incedit Iuli.
(b) *At* Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ *lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum*
Floribus, & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbra.
(c) *Jámque ibat dicto parens.*——

(d) Who

(*d*) Who ſhould he ſee when he came there,
But *Dido* ſitting in a Chair,
I'th' midſt of all her *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring and ſwearing at her Maids!
Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,
Whereon ſhe ſtampt as ſhe were wood,
And likewiſe there was finely put
A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.
There as ſhe ſate upon her Crupper,
(*e*) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
And in they brought a thundring Meal,
Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
Hens, Geeſe, and Turkies, Ducks, and Buſtards,
And at the laſt, Fools, Flawns, and Cuſtards:
The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear,
Tunning themſelves with Ale and Beer;
There was old drinking, and old ſinging,
And all the while, the Bell was ringing:
One would have thought by the great Feaſt,
'T had been a Wedding at the leaſt.

(*d*) *Cùm venit, aulæis jam ſe regina ſuperbis*
Aurea compoſuit ſponda, mediámque locavit.
Jam pater Æneas & jam Trojana juventus
Conveniunt; ſtraróque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.
(*e*) *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longo*
Cura penum ſtruere, & flammis adolere penates.
Centum aliæ, totidémque pares ætate miniſtri,
Qui dapibus menſas onerent, & pocula ponant

Whilſt

Whilſt thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
(f) *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,
So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
At laſt Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
Sets me the Mounte-banking Ape,
And kiſt his Lips all of a Lather,
Then thus beſpeaks the new-made Father.
By th' Mack (quoth ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,
Thou got'ſt this Boy when thou wert luſty;
And any one that does but note him,
May ſoon know who it was begot him;
I dare be ſworn 'twas thou didſt get him,
He's e'n as like thee as th' hadſt ſpet him,
(g) Whilſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſt and dandl'd,
Cupid had ſo the matter handl'd,
That ſhe began upon a ſudden
To feel a longing for white Pudden.
(h) When they had ſup'd, and that the Waiters
Had Trenchers ta'n away, and Platters;

(f) *Ille ubi complexu Æneæ colloque pependit,*
Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet inſcia Dido,
Inſideat quantus miſeræ deus.———
———(g) *at memor ille*
Matris Acidaliæ, *paulatim abolere* Sychæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos———
(h) *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæque remotæ,*
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, & vina coronant.

(i) Up

(i) Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* ſtarts,
And takes a Mug, that held two Quarts
Of drink, That ſhe with much forbearing,
Had ſav'd long ſince for her Sheep-ſhearing:
And thus begins, Here Sirs, here's to you,
And from my heart much good may do you:
(k) *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To—and to good Company;
And he that will not pledge me fairly,
And name the words as I do barely;
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never tickle Woman.
(l) With that ſhe ſet it to her Noſe,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;
No drop beſides her Muzle falling,
Until that ſhe had ſupt it all in.
Then turning't * Topſey on her Thumb,
Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum.*
Æneas, as the Story tells,
And all the reſt did bleſs themſelves,
To ſee her troll off ſuch a Pitcher,
And yet to have her face no richer.
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles,
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:

* *Alias* Kelty.

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auróque poposcit,*
Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus *& omnes*
A Belo *ſoliti*———
(k) *Adſis lætitiæ* Bacchus *dator & bona* Juno:
Et vos ô cœtum Tyrii *celebrate faventes.*
(l) *Dixit, & in menſa laticum libavit honorem:*
Primaque libato ſummo tenus attigit ore.

But

But Madam (ſays he) ſweetly bowing,
I hope your Grace does not make * plowing:
For if you do, at this large rate,
There will be many an aking Pate;
(*m*) With that he took a luſty Swimmer,
Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
In kind return for our Protections,
Unto Queen *Dido*'s beſt affections.
(*n*) Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
Roaring and Swaggering pell-mell,
(*o*) Whilſt a blind Harper did advance,
That wore Queen *Dido*'s Cognizance,
A Minſtrel that *Iopas* hight,
Who play'd and ſung to 'em all night;
He ſung 'em Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches;
With ancient Songs of high Renown,
And even one they call *Troy-Town*:
At that *Æneas* ſhak'd his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle;
(Quoth he) If he that wrote this Ditty,
Had been with us i'th' midſt oth' City,
When Faggot-ſticks flew in Folks Chops,
And knockt Men down as thick as hops,
I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
He would have had ſmall mind of Rhiming:

* Ending one, and Beginning another.

——— (*m*) *Ille impiger hauſit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno ſe proluit auro.
(*n*) *Poſt alii proceres*; ———
——— (*o*) *cithara crinitus* Iopas
Perſonat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam———

Yet

Yet for to give the Devil his due,
Who e'r he was, the Ballad's true.
(p) From *Dido* then a belch did fly,
'Tis thought ſhe meant it for a ſigh,
And tears ran down her fair long Noſe;
The Queen was *Maudlin* I ſuppoſe.
(q) (Quoth ſhe) *Æneas*, out of Jelting,
Thou needs muſt tell at my Requeſting,
All the whole Tale of *Troy*'s condition,
Since firſt you troubled were with th'*Grecian*;
Hector's great Fights, and *Priam*'s Speeches,
And eke deſcribe *Achilles* Breeches,
How ſtrong he was when he did grapple,
And if *Tidydes* Horſe were dapple.
Tell me, I ſay, of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and their Treachery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battels,
And how you loſt your Goods and Chattels;
And to what places you have wander'd
E'r ſince you were ſo baſely ſquander'd.
All theſe things would I know moſt duly,
Then tell me ſpeedily and truly.

(p) *Infelix* Dido, *longúmque bibebat amorem*;
(q) *Multa ſuper* Priamo *rogitans, ſuper* Hectore *multa*:
Nunc quibus Auroræ *veniſſet filius armis*;
Nunc qualis Diomedis *equi nunc quantus* Achilles:
Imò age, & à prima dic hoſpes origine nobis;
Inſidias, inquit, Danaûm, caſúſque tuorum,
Errorésque tuos,——

FINIS.

Scarronnides,

OR,

VIRGILE TRAVESTIE.

A *MOCK-POEM*,

In imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

In Engliſh Burleſque.

Plin. Ep. 5. l. 1.

Stultiſſimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Brome*, and ſold by *Tho. Mercer* at the Half-Moon under the South-Eaſt corner of the Royal Exchange in *Cornhill*. 1682.

VIRGILE TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

(a) IN this Fourth Book we find it written,
That *Dido* Queen was deeply ſmitten
Much taken with the *Trojan*'s perſon,
Than which a properer was ſcarce one:
Much of his breeding did ſhe reckon,
But that which ſtab'd her was his weapon,
For which ſhe did ſo ſcald and burn,
That none but he could ſerve her turn.
(b) The Sun, that ſpruce light-headed Fellow
With frizled locks of ſanded yellow,

(a) *At Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia curâ,*
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multúſque recurſat
Gentis honos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbáque; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
(b) *Poſtera Phœbea luſtrabat lampade terras,*
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
Cum ſic unanimem alloquitur maleſana ſororem.

The windows crept by radiation,
Like Son begot in fornication,
When *Dido* mad to go to Man,
Juſt thus beſpake her Siſter *Nan.*
(c) I've been all night (quoth ſhe) my *Nancy*,
So ſtrangely troubled in my fancy,
I could not reſt till morning-peep,
Odd dreams have ſo diſturb'd my ſleep:
(d) What a ſtout Stripling's this *Æneas*,
That thus hath croſt the Seas to ſee us!
I do believe, nay, dare ſwear for him,
No mortal Woman ever bore him:
(e) But ſome great Lady in the Skie,
That Nurs'd him up with Furmitie!
I hate a baſe cowardly Drone,
Worſe than a Rigil with one Stone:
But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,
(f) How bravely does he talk of Fighting!
I tell thee *Nancy*, wer't not that
Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
Should I ſo ſoon new Suiters have,
(g) My Husband yet ſcarce cold in's grave;

(c) *Anna ſoror, quæ me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent?*
(d) *Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?*
Quem ſeſe ore ferens! quam forti pectore & armis!
(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus eſſe Deorum.*
Degeneres animos timor arguit.
——— (f) *Heu! quibus ille*
Jactatus fatis! Quæ bella exhauſta canebat!
(g) *Ne cui me vinclo poſſum ſociare jugali,*
Poſtquam primus amor, &c.
Si non pertæſum thalami tedæque fuiſſet,
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ.

And

And were I not with my firſt Honey
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony.
I could with this ſame Youngſter tall
Find in my heart to try a fall.
(*h*) I muſt confeſs ſince that ſad ſeaſon,
Pygmalion cut my Husband's weazon;
This only (not to mince the matter)
Has made my Jiggambob to water.
(*i*) But may I firſt, I *Jove* implore,
Sink thorow this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellars bottom,
E'r I commit the thing you wot on;
Or any thing by Luſts ſuggeſtion,
(*k*) That my good name may bring in queſtion.
(*l*) Which ſaid, ſhe wept in manner ampler,
Than Girl new whipt for loſing Sampler.
Nan in her anſwer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her tongue
She was, (as ſome would ſay that knew her,
As was in that, or next Town to her.)
(*m*) O Siſter dearer to me far,
Than Sunſhine days in harveſt are:

(*h*) *Anna (fatebor enim) miſeri poſt fata* Sychæi
Conjugis; & ſparſos fraterna cæde penates,
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animumque labantem
Impulit: agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammæ.
(*i*) *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat,*
Aut pater omnipotens adigat me ———
(*k*) *Ante pudor quam te violam aut tua jura reſolvam.*
(*l*) *Sic effata, ſinum lachrymis implevit obortis,*
(*m*) *Anna refert* ———
———*O luce magis dilecta ſorori.*

(n) Wilt thou (quoth ſhe) O Woman Wood,
Still ſtop the currant of thy blood,
And loſe the time by vain pretences
Of making pretty Boys and Wenches?
Wilt thou cut Faces evermore
For Husband dead, as Nail in dore?
Doſt thou believe, thou puling thing,
(o) That dead Folks care for whimpering?
(p) Yield, and be naught at laſt; Y'have plaid
The Fool too long, here be it ſaid,
And ſtood too much in your own light,
Or long enough ago, you might
(q) Have match't your ſelf, and that well too,
To rich and proper men enow.
What though you have ſaid many nay,
Yea, and burnt day-light, as we ſay,
Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,
And others of good Yeomanry;
That might have paſt; becauſe forſooth
They could not pleaſe your dainty Tooth.

(n) *Solane perpetuâ mœrens carpère juventa?*
Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia nôris?
(o) *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare ſepultos?*
(p) *Eſto; ægram nulli quondam flexere mariti;*
(q) *Non* Libyæ *non ante* Tyro *deſpectus* Iarbas,
Ductorſque alii, quos Africa *terra triumphis*
Dives alit, &c.

(r) Muſt

(r) Muſt you ſtill mince it at this rate,
With one you twitter to be at?
You ne'r conſider what a throng
Of ſaucie Knaves you live among.
Baſe ill-bred cheating ſurly Currs,
Raſcals as falſe as Moor Landers.
Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this fooliſh twittle twattle,
To match with one may tent your Cattle;
Will in ſhort ſpace not leave a Gooſe,
Turky, or Hen, about the houſe:
(s) Your Brother too, he ſwears and curſes
About his Money-Bags and Purſes.
(t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful Friends
For ſome moſt ſecret courteous ends,
Over blew *Neptune*'s bouncing Ferries,
Have hither ſent theſe *Trojan* Wherries.
Oh, were theſe *Trojans* marry'd to us,
How oft, and ably would they do us!

—— (r) *Pla itone etiam pugnabis amori?*
Non venit in mentem, quorum conſederis arvis?
Hinc Getulæ urbes, genus inſuperabile bello,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt, & inhoſpita Syrtis
Hinc——
Barcai——
(s) *Germanique minas——*
(t) *Diis equidem auſpicibus reor, & Junone ſecundâ*
Huc curſum Iliacas vento tenuiſſe carinas.

(*u*) What a fine Town would ours be then,
How bravely ſtor'd with luſty Men!
Then without any more ado,
Siſter ſay Grace, and ſo fall to:
They in good manners, ten to one,
Will make an offer to be gone;
And rather truſt their rotten Barges,
Than ſtay to put you to more charges:
(*) But you may make 'em at command,
As eaſily ſtay as kiſs your hand.
(*x*) Can you not tell 'em that the weather
'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)
Their Sculleis torn and ſhatter'd ſo,
That they muſt mend 'em e'r they go;
And in concluſion with good reaſon
Wiſh 'em t' expect a better ſeaſon.
(*y*) With ſuch like documents as theſe are,
Which the young Slut knew beſt would pleaſe
Nancy ſo tickled up her Grace, (her,
That *Dido* ſcarce knew where ſhe was.
Nay. ſome affirm a dangerous matter,
She'd much ado to hold her water:

(*u*) *Quam tu urbem ſeror hanc cernes! quæ ſurgere regna*
Conjugio tali! eucrum comitantibus armis
Punica ſe tantis attollet Gloria rebus!
(*) *Tu modo*———
Indulge hoſpitio cauſaſque innecte morandi,
(*x*) *Dum pelago deſævit hyems, & aquoſus Orion*
Quaſſatæque rates, nondum tractabile cœlum.
(*y*) *His dictis incenſum animum inflammavit amore,*
Spemque dedit dubiæ ———

And

And counſel'd in that tempting ſtrain,
I wonder how ſhe could contain:
But certain 'tis, that this advice
So wrought upon this Widow nice,
That ſhe, who Maid, Widow and Wife,
Had priz'd her Honour, 'bove her Life;
(z) Now car'd no more for her good Name,
Than any common Trading Dame.
(a) But to the Church (forſooth) anon,
That matters might go better on,
(Like People oth' Phanatick fry,
Whoſe Sanctity's Hypocriſie)
They muſt, and ſlipping on their Pattens,
They went, as who ſhould ſay to Mattens.
Thither now come, fair *Dido* ſquats
Her Bum on Haſſock made of Mats:
For you muſt know, as Story ſays,
Queens, like the godly in theſe days,
In manner inſolent and ſlighty,
Diſdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
But *Anna* who was but a Spinſter,
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are.
Their eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies
To this, and t'other god and goddeſs,
(b) To *Ceres*, *Phœbus* and *Lyæus*,
And twenty harder names than * *The'as*.

* *A figure ſo new, that Modern Authors have yet no name for it.*

(z) *Menti ſolvitque pudorem.*
(a) *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras Exquirunt.*
(b) *Legiferæ* Cereri, Phœboque, *patrique* Lyæo:

(c) But

(c) But *Juno* had moſt veneration,
As ſhe was Queen of Copulation.
Prayers being done, up *Dido* roſe,
And to the Prieſt demurely goes;
She gently pulls him by the garment,
The reverend Type of his preferment,
And with moſt gracious looks and ſpeeches,
To borrow a word or two beſeeches.
The Prieſt bow'd low in aukward wiſe,
As 'tis you know Sir *Roger*'s guiſe,
And in obſequious manner told her,
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.
This Prieſt was held a mighty Clark,
In myſteries profound and dark;
(*) Had skill in Phyſick, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him ſhe conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the cunning that ſhe has,
Greaſes his Fiſt; nay more, engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,
If he would but reſolve the doubt
That ſhe then came to him about.
But 't had been vain, had he been wiſer,
Or to inſtruct, or to adviſe her,
(d) Alas, poor Prieſt! how fruitleſs is't
To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fiſt!*

(c) *Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curæ.*
Ipſa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido, *&c.*
—— (*) *Spirantia conſulit exta.*
(d) *Heu vatum ignaræ mentes, quid vota furentem,*
Quid Delubra juvant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit ſub pectore vulnus.

Or

Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have a whisk i'th' Tail?
(*e*) *Dido* for Love in woful wiſe,
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenſes,
Even like one out of her ſenſes:
About the Town ſhe runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her heels.
So have I ſeen in Paſtures fair,
Where Cattle educated are:
(*f*) An Heifer young when ſhe doth itch,
With *Gad-breeze* ſticking in her breech,
From ſhady Brake on ſudden riſe,
And with her Tail erect to th' skies,
(*g*) Run through the field with frisks and kicks,
In various capreols and tricks,
Some eaſe poor thing, alas, to find;
(*b*) When lo, the Sting ſticks faſt behind:
One while ſhe takes her (*i*) luſty Lover,
Meaning her paſſion to diſcover;
She leads him out from place to place,
And ſhews him all that e'r ſhe has;
Diſcloſes all her ſecret wealth,
And ſays, if *Jove* ſend life and health,

(*e*) *Uritur infelix* Dido, *totâque vagatur*
Urbe furens ———
——— (*f*) *Qualis conjecta cerva ſagittâ.*
Quam procul, &c.
—— (*g*) *Illa ſuga ſylvas ſaltuſque peragrat.*
——— (*b*) *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo*
(*i*) *Nunc media Æneam ſecum per mœnia ducit:*
Sidoniaſque oſtentat opes, urbemque paratam.

That

That ſhe (though ſimply there ſhe ſtand)
Will make that Living as good Land,
If ſhe continue but a while on't,
As any lies within five mile on't.
Then ſhe (*k*) begins to mump and ſmatter,
Willing to break into the matter,
And aſk the queſtion, when (alas!)
To ſee how things will come to paſs!
When ſhe moſt fain would break her mind,
She ſooner could by half break wind,
Than ſpeak a word, Vertue forſooth,
And Modeſt ſo ſtopt her mouth.
(*l*) Over and over then ſhe treats
Him, and his Mates, with ſundry meats,
Whilſt *Trojans* round beſiege her boards,
Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords.
When ſure as e'r they ſit to Table,
She calls again to hear *Troy*'s Fable:
Nay lov'd it ſo, that ſhe 'tis ſaid,
The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
Who Engliſh'd it, was her Tranſlator.
(*n*) Now when with raking up the fire
Each one departs to *Bedfordſhire:*

(*k*) *Incipit effari, mediaque in voce reſiſtit,*
(*l*) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia quærit:*
Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
Exoſcit, pendétque iterum narrantis ab ore.
(*n*) *Poſt ubi digreſſi, lumenque obſcura viciſſim*
Luna premit; ſuadéntque cadentia ſydera ſomnos:

And

And pillows all ſecurely ſnort on,
Like Organiſts of fain'd *Hogs-Norton*;
(o) *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lye,
Dreaming on True-loves *Phys'nomy*:
And in that humour ſhe the ſmall
(p) *Aſcanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal*;
And in her Lap on tuft of Sorrel,
Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
Oft would ſhe ſighing ſay, *This Lad,*
Oh that he were but like his Dad!

This life the woful *Dido* led,
Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed,
(q) Her Houſewifery no more regarding,
Neither her ſpinning nor her carding;
But like a Dame of wits bereaven,
Let all things go at ſix and ſeven.

Which when Queen *Juno* (for theſe two
Were Clove and Orange you muſt know)
Perceiv'd, and that, than blind cheeks blinder,
She threw all care and ſhame behind her:

(o) *Sola domo mœret vacua, ſtratiſque relictis*
Incubat ———
(p) *Aut gremio* Aſcanium *genitoris imagine capta*
Detinet, infandum ſi fallere poſſit amorem
(q) *Non cœptæ aſſurgunt turres, non arma juventus*
Exercet portuſve aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant; Pendent opera interrupta. minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina, cælo.
Quam ſimul ac tali perſenſit peſte teneri
Chara Jovis conjux nec famam obſtare furori;
Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:

She

She *Venus* in theſe words accoaſts,
(r) You, and your Son may make your boaſts,
With ſhame enough, that god and goddeſs,
Like ſublunary Buſie-bodies,
To make a Woman light as Feather,
Do lay your learned heads together.
(s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
Afraid of your two coming hither.
You, and your little blinking Urchin
Againſt this Town have ſtill been lurching.
(t) But when ſhall we give o'r this pother,
And leave off vexing one another?
Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,
(u) Let's Marry 'em, and there's an end.
Thou haſt thy wiſh, thy little Archer
Has made our *Dido* mad as March hare.
Then let us all old quarrels quit,
Leave being ſuch a peeviſh Tit:
(x) *Troy* Lads ſhall marry *Tyrian* Laſſes,
And we will be as merry as paſſes.

(r) *Tuque puérque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo divum ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt.
(s) *Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia noſtra*
Suſpectas habuiſſe domos Carthaginis *altæ.*
(t) *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?*
(u) *Quin potius pacem æternam, pactóſque Hymenæos*
Exercemus? habes totâ quod mente petiſti.
Ardet amans Dido *traxitque per oſſa furorem:*
Communem hunc ergo populum paribuſque regamus
Auſpiciis——
——— (x) *liceat* Phrygio *ſervire marito,*
Dotaleſque tuæ Tyrios *permittere dextræ.*

(y) *Venus*

(y) *Venus* who knew ſhe did but glaver,
For all the fine ſmooth words ſhe gave her,
And proffer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,
(You know) if ſpoke but from Teeth outward,
(z) Like cunning Quean in ſmiles array'd her,
And in her own Coin thus ſhe paid her.
O *Juno* Queen, *Jove*'s Bedfellow,
Who here above, or who below,
(a) With thee would quarrel or contend,
And not ſtill reſt thy loving Friend?
I like the motion well, but that
(b) There's one main thing I ſtumble at;
And that in downright truth is this,
(*Jove* pardon if I think amiſs,)
I am afraid (this doubt I put ye
Indeed-law now is ſomething ſmutty)
But I the ſcruple muſt not ſmother;
(Women you know, to one another)
May freely ſpeak (here be't ſaid
'Twixt you and me) am ſore afraid,
My Son's ſo big, (which rarely falls)
About his——, and Genitals.
That I am half afraid leſt he
Should chance to ſpoil her Majeſty.

(y) *Olli (ſenſit enim ſimulatâ mente loquutam)*
(z) *Sic contra eſt ingreſſa* Venus——
—— (a) *Quis talia demens*
Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?
(b) *Si modo quod memoras, factum fortuna ſequatur;*
Sed fatis incerta feror; ſi Jupiter *unam*
Eſſe velit——

(c) At

(c) At that Queen *Juno* ſmil'd and ſaid,
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
For if they once do come together,
He'll find that *Dido*'s reaching leather:
If then that *Dido* and thy Son,
To do as other Folks have done,
(d) Thou give conſent: (mark) and in few words
Which ſhall be friendly words and true words;
I'll tell thee how I've caſt about,
And laid a Plot to bring 'em to't.
(e) To morrow e'r the Sun (Heaven bleſs him)
Can ſee to riſe, at leaſt to dreſs him,
Æneas and the Queen have made,
(The Queen and he I ſhould have ſaid)
A match to go after her wonting,
Into the Woods a Squirrel hunting:
Now I, whilſt all on every ſide,
The Thickets round are occupi'd,
And eagerly their Game are following,
As Hunters uſe, whooping and hollowing:
(f) Will cauſe big-bellied Clouds to pour
Upon their Coxcombs ſuch a ſhowre,

——— (c) *Quam ſic ereipit Regia* Juno,
Mecum erit iſte labor: ———
——— (d) *Nunc qua ratione, quod inſtat,*
Confieri poſſit, paucis (adverte) docebo.
(e) *Venatum Æneas, unaque miſerrima* Dido
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos craſtinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, *radiiſque retexerit orbem.*
(f) *His ego nigrantem commiſtâ grandine nimbum,*
Dum trepidant alæ, ſaltúſque indagine cingunt,
Deſuper infundam ———

And

And will with rain and hail ſo clout 'em,
They'll not have one dry thread about 'em.
(g) Beſides ſuch thunder claps ſhall burſt out,
As ſome of 'em ſhall ſmell the worſe for't.
(h) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to ſeek for ſhelter.
Then each one there will ſhift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.
(i) *Dido* and *Dildo* in this caſe,
Shall find a Cave as fit a place
For ſuch an uſe, ſo fine and dark,
That if *Æneas* be a ſpark,
They there in ſpite of all foul weather,
May *take a gentle touch* together:
So each of other may have proof,
(k) And marry after time enough.
Venus who very well could ſadom
The botom of this ſubtle Madam,
Soon ſmelt her practice, and her art
As ſtrong as ſhe had let a fart:
Yet that ſhe might her malice blind,
And fit the Lady in her kind,
(l) She ſeems her free conſent to give,
And trips it, laughing in her ſleeve.

——(g) *& tonitru cœlum omne ciebo*
(h) *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ.*
(i) *Speluncam* Dido, *dux &* Trojanus *eandem*
Devenient: adero, & tua ſi mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam, &c.
(k) *ſtabili, propriámque dicabo:*
Hic Hymenæus erit ——
——(l) *Non adverſata petenti*
Annuit, atque dolis riſit Cytherea repertis.

(*m*) Mean while the Sun as it his courſe is,
Got up to dreſs and water's Horſes;
When out the merry hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum *,
Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge elſe,
Well arm'd they were (*n*) with ſtaves & cudgels,
Tykes too they had of all ſorts, (*o*) Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs and Land-dogs,
(*p*) Theſe for the Queen expecting tarry,
Who longer lay than ordinary;
For ſhe at night could take no eaſe,
She had been bit ſo ſore with Fleas.
(*q*) Her Mare well trapt of her own ſpinning,
Ty'd to the Pales ſtood likewiſe whinning;
For why (as Poets ſing the Fable)
Her Foal was bolted up i' th' Stable.
(*r*) At laſt ſhe ſallies from the houſe,
As fine and brisk as Body louſe.
(*s*) She hood and Safe-guard had bran-new,
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blew:

* *A very neceſſary Inſtrument in Squirrel hunting.*

(*m*) *Oceanum interea ſurgens aurora reliquit:*
It portis jubare exorto delecta juventus:
Retia rara, plagæ ——
—— (*n*) *Lato venabula ferro,*
—— (*o*) *Et odora canum vis.*
(*p*) *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi*
Pœnorum expectant.
—— (*q*) *Oſtroque inſignis & auro*
Stat ſonipes, ac fræna ferox ſpumantia mandit.
(*r*) *Tandem progreditur.*
(*s*) *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo,*

Faſt

Faſt to her Girdle, ty'd with thong,
(*t*) A bunch of Keys compleatly hung:
For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,
That Servants ſtill have ſlippery been:
Which made her carefull of her pelf,
Evermore keep her keys her ſelf.
(*u*) With her *Iulus* came, that Stripling,
A Youth e'n ſpoil'd for want of whipping;
For's Father and his fooliſh Grannam
Had ever made a wanton on him:
(*x*) But when his Sire appear'd in play,
Mounted upon his Galloway,
'Tis ſaid by ſome that better knew him,
The reſt lookt like Tooth-drawers to him:
(*y*) No ſprightly Groom ſo trim and trick is,
That juſt upon preferments prick is,
(*z*) As was *Æneas*, Stories ſay,
When clad in Cloaths of Holy-day.
His Breeches ſav'd from *Troy*'s combuſtion
Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fuſtian;

(*t*) *Cui pharetra ex auro———*
Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.
———(*u*) *& lætus Iulus,*
———(*x*) *ipſe ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Infert ſe ſocium Æneas———
(*y*) *Qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta*
Deſerit, ac Delum maternam inviſit Apollo,
Inſtauratque choros:———
———(*z*) *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:
———*Haud illo ſegnior ibat*
Æneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

Pinkt with moſt admirable grace,
And richly laid with green ſilk lace.
(*a*) Athwart his brawny ſhoulders came
A Bauldrick made and trim'd with th' ſame;
Where Twibil hung with Basket-hilt,
Grown ruſty now but had been gilt:
Or guilty elſe of many a thwack,
With Dudgeon Dagger at his back.
Upon his head he wore a hat,
Inſtead of ſattin, fac'd with fat,
Which being limber grown, we find
Moſt ſwaſhingly pinn'd up behind;
With brooch as gaudy and as tall
As every foremoſt Horſe of all.
In beſt apparel thus aray'd,
They now begin their Cavalcade
Towards the Woods, (*b*) where being e'r long
Arriv'd (for twas not paſt a Furlong
From *Carthage*, as the Learn'd compute it,
And let who has been there, confute it)
They every way diſperſe themſelves,
To watch the little nimble Elves;
As who ſhould ſay, come this, or that way,
T'other, or any way, have at ye.
The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
And all the people fall a ſhouting,
Such peals they gave of Men and Boys,
A man could hardly hear for noiſe;

(*a*) *Tela ſonant humeris* ———
(*b*) *Poſtquam altas vectum in montes, atque invia luſtra,*
Ecce feræ ſaxi dejectæ vertice ———

Nay

Nay *Dido* Queen, they ſwore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.
(c) The frighted Squirrels Stumps belabor
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor;
Skipping and leaping in their Dances
From Tree to Tree, o'r boughs and branches,
Now on the utmoſt top, and then,
At one leap at the Root again.
(d) But young *Aſcanius*, hopes oth' houſe,
Car'd not for Squirrelling a Louſe;
For he's, whilſt they are at their chaſe,
Playing at *Hide and Seek*, or *Baſe*,
Among his Mates, and wiſhes rather,
(And ſo the ſtripling told his Father,)
For naughty Vermine, that would bite him,
Or Throſtle neaſt, though't did——
(e) Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole pails of water,

(c) *Decurrere jugis; alia de parte patentes*
Tranſmittunt curſu campos, atque agmina (cervi)
Pulverulenta fuga, glomerant, montemque relinquunt.
(d) *At puer* Aſcanius *medius in vallibus acri*
Gaudet equo; jámque hos curſu, jam præterit illos:
Spumantémque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem.
(e) *Interea magno miſcerì murmure cœlum*
Incipit;——

The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
(f) And hail-ſtones bigger than ones thumb,
Came pelting down. Then all to ſave 'em,
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'em,
Whilſt young *Aſcanius* and his Mates,
Were waſht and daſht like Water-Rats.
Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops
Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,
And jogg'd her buttocks though a Queen,
For fear of being wet to th' skin;
Nay ev'n *Æneas* ſelf forgetting
His reputation, ſhrunk i' th' wetting,
And ran, or would have done at leaſt,
But that his Horſe, a ſober Beaſt,
Proceeded ſlow, with motion grave,
And crav'd the Spur, in care to ſave
His Maſters neck, as ſome ſuppoſe,
Though his care was to ſave his Cloaths.
He ſpur'd; nor yet was *Dido* idle,
For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,
(g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
Clapt 'em into a Cave together.

The Cave ſo darkſom was, that I do
Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*:

(f) *Inſequitur commiſta grandine nimbus.*
Et Tyrii *comites paſſim, &* Trojana *juventus,*
Dardaniuſque nepos Veneris, diverſa per agros
Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
——*fulſere ignes*——

(g) *Speluncam* Dido, *dux &* Trojanus *eandem*
Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno
Dat ſignum.——

But

But ſo it was, in that hole they
Grew intimate, as one may ſay:
The Queen was blithe, as bird in Tree,
And bill'd as wantonly, whilſt he
(*h*) By hinlock ſeizing faſt Occaſion,
Slipt into *Dido*'s converſation:
And in that very place and ſeaſon,
'Tis thought *Æneas* did her reaſon.
(*i*) This ſport of miſchief much was cauſe,
For ſweet meat will have ſowre ſauce;
And they their time in Cave ſo ſpending,
Biginning was of *Dido*'s ending.
Her Majeſty now no more nice is;
(*k*) Nor ſeeks ſhe now by fine devices
To hide her ſhame, but leads a life,
As if they had been (*l*) Man and Wife.
(*m*) At this a Wench call'd *Fame* flew out
To all the good Towns round about.
This *Fame* was daughter to a Cryer,
That whilom liv'd in *Carthage ſhire*,

——*Conſcius æther*
Connubii——
(*i*) *Illa dies primus lethi, primúſque malorum*
Cauſa fuit——
——(*k*) *Neque enim ſpecie famáve movetur.*
Nec jam furtivum Dido *meditatur amorem.*
(*l*) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*
(*m*) *Extemplo* Libyæ *magnas it fama per urbes:*
Fama——

(*n*) A little prating Slut, no higher,
When *Dido* firſt arriv'd at *Tyre*,
Than this ——— But in a few Years ſpace
Grown up a luſty ſtrapping Laſs.
A long and lazy Quean I ween,
She was, brought up to ſew, nor ſpin,
Nor any kind of houſewifery,
To get an honeſt living by;
(*o*) But ſauntred idly up and down,
From houſe to houſe, and Town to Town,
To ſpie and liſten after News,
Which ſhe ſo miſchievouſly brews,
That ſtill whate'r ſhe ſees or hears,
Sets Folks together by the ears.
(*p*) This Baggage that ſtill took a pride to
Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido*;
Becauſe the Queen once on detection,
Sent her to th' Manſion of Correction.
(*q*) Glad ſhe had got this tale by th'end,
Runs me about to Foe and Friend;

(*n*) *Parva metu primo, mox ſeſe attollit in auras,*
Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.
Mobilitate viget, viréſque acquirit eundo
——— (*o*) *Pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alis;*
Cui tot vigiles oculi
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubrigit aures.
(*p*) *Monſtrum horrendum, ingens* ———.
(*q*) *Hæc tum multiplici populos ſermone replebat,*
Gaudens ——

(*r*) And

(*r*) And tells 'em that a Fellow came
From *Troy* or ſuch a kind of Name,
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight ſince,
Whom *Dido* feaſted like a Prince;
Was with her always, day and night,
Nor could endure him from her ſight,
And that 'twas thought ſhe meant to marry him
(*s*) At this rate talk'd the foul mouth'd carrion!
(*t*) At laſt ſhe does t' *Iarbas* go,
(*u*) She never in ſuch things was ſlow,
And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
For *Dido*'s love was in a hard caſe,
And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
And did the beſt he could do to her:
But ſtill in vain he broke his mind,
'Twas throwing Stones againſt the wind;
For though ſhe wiſe and wealthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to ſay to him.
'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,
Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horſes and Oxen;

(*r*) *Veniſſe Æneam Troiano à ſanguine cretum;*
Cui ſe pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.
Nunc hyemem inter ſe luxu, quam longa, fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
(*s*) *Hæc paſſim Dea fœda virûm diffundit in ora.*
(*t*) *Protinus ad regem curſus detorquet* Iarbam:
(*u*) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*
Hic Ammone ſatus ——
Centum aras poſuit ——
—— *Pecudumque cruore*
Pingue ſolum & variis florentia limina ſertis.

With

With money ſtore, and other riches:
But one foul flaw he had in's Breeches
Spoil'd all; For ſhe had heard the thing,
One time as ſhe was Goſſipping:
As in ſuch matters while you live,
Women will be inquiſitive:
Which was that he (as Story tells)
A Rupture had in's Teſticles.
Which was enough to make her hate him,
Nay even as 'twere abominate him.
When *Fame* had told him of the *Trojan*,
(y) *Iarbas* took it in ſuch dudgeon,
Such high abuſe, and evil part,
He almoſt could have found in's heart
T'ave tane his Knife, and in that paſſion
Whipt off his Tools of generation,
And thought t'have don't: but did not yet,
Like one that had in's anger wit:
But ſince to curſe it was no boot,
Would try if praying would not doe't.
(z) And therefore thus in heavy chear,
Made his caſe known to *Jupiter*.
(a) O *Jupiter*, moſt great and able,
Whoſe health I every day at Table
Drink once or twice! Doſt thou (O where is
Thy ſight!) not ſee what doings here is?

(y) *Iſque ameas animi, & rumore accenſus amaro.*
(z) *Dicitur ante aras* ——
Multa Jovem manibus ſupplex oraſſe ſupinis:
(a) *Juppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Mauruſia pictis*
Gens epulata toris Lenæum libat honorem,
Aſpicis hæc? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,
Nequicquam horremus?

(b) Shall

(*b*) Shall we when thou thunderſt, doſt think,
So as to ſowre all our drink;
And when the Clouds in Storms do burſt,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worſt!
(*c*) A wandring Woman that had ſcarce
A Rag to hang upon her ——
When ſhe came hither firſt; and wou'd
Have then been glad to —— for food.
Is now forſooth, ſo proud (what elſe!)
And ſtands upon her pantables,
(*d*) That ſhe has ſaid me nay moſt ſlightly,
And (on the very nonce to ſpite me)
Has married a ſpruce Youth they ſay,
(Whom ſome ill wind blew that away)
One Squire *Æneas*, a great Kelf,
Some wandring hangman like her ſelf:
(*e*) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,
Thunders up *Dido*'s Gally-Gaskins,
Whilſt I (for ſtill thou deafiſh art to't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out.

——— (*b*) *Cœcique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos ———
——— *Et inane murmura miſcent:*
(*c*) *Femina, quæ noſtris errant in finibus* ———
——— (*d*) *Connubia noſtra*
Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.
(*e*) *Et nunc ille Paris* ———
——— *Rapto potitur; nos munera templis*
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

(*f*) Thus

(*f*) Thus wofully *Iarbas* pray'd,
Whilſt *Jove* heard every word he ſaid;
And turning ſtrait his eyes to *Tyre*,
To look for *Dido*, and her Squire,
All in a Chamber finely matted,
He very fairly ſpy'd 'em at it.
At which, as 'twere ſomewhat in fury,
He calls his nimble Youth *Mercury*,
(*g*) And thus beſpake him; Sirrah, hear ye,
Put on the wings that uſe to bear ye,
And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,
Where th' *Trojan* does with the great —— lie.
(*h*) Tell him from me that his ſmug Mother
Did paſs her word that he another
Manner of life and converſation
Should lead, and leave this occupation.
(*i*) Or twice the *Grecian* Cavaleers
Had beaten's brains about his ears,

(*f*) *Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem*
Audiit omnipotens; oculoſque ad mœnia torſit
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.
(*g*) *Tunc ſic* Mercurium *alloquitur, ac talia mandat,*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, *& labere pennis,*
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine *qui nunc*
Exſpectat——
Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
(*h*) *Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem*
Promiſit——
——(*i*) *Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

Er

E'r this: and tell him more (*) that he
Who means to conquer *Italy*,
Muſt with his work go thorow Stiches,
And not run hunting after Bitches:
(*k*) But if he will not venture's Pate,
A Rap or two for an Eſtate,
As by his pranks it doth appear,
(*l*) Methinks though he might do't for's heir:
(*m*) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
To ſpend his time thus among Queans;
Not minding miſchiefs, not miſhaps,
Nor fearing *Dido*'s after-claps.
(*n*) Bid him be trudging he were beſt;
If I come to him, I proteſt,
I'll ſend him packing elſe ſuch new-ways,
He ſhall remember me theſe two days.
(*o*) This ſaid, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
Away he trips it in a trice,

(*) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem*
Italiam *regeret, genus alto à ſanguine Teucri*
Proderet, & totum ſub leges mitteret orbem:
(*k*) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,*
Nec ſuper ipſe ſuâ molitur laude laborem.
(*l*) *Aſcanione pater* Romanas *invidit arces,*
Nec prolem Auſoniam, & Lavinia reſpicit arva?
(*m*) *Quid ſtruit? aut qua ſpe inimica in gente moratur?*
(*n*) *Naviget: hæc ſumma eſt, hic noſtri nuncius eſto,*
(*o*) *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat*
Imperi.——

To

(*p*) To make him ready to be gone:
And first his Pumps he faſtned on;
Which being neatly pinckt and cut,
And finely fitted to his foot:
Had wings ty'd on with thongs of leather,
Or taching-ends. I know not whether,
Which he could flie withall as well,
As he'd been brought up to't from th'ſhell.
(*q*) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bat,
With which he us'd to play at Kit-cat;
To beat mens apples from their Trees,
With twenty other Rogueries;
Beſides (as Rake-hells will abuſe days)
To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Teuſdays.*
(*r*) Thus dight, he like a Partridge ſprings,
Cutting the air with nimble wings:
'Twas well his care had ty'd 'em faſt,
Elſe ten to one he'd flown his laſt;
No ſwallow could have overgone him,
He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,
Untill he ſaw a very high hill,
A higher hill by far than my hill;

——(*p*) *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit*
Aurea: quæ ſublimem alis ſive æquora ſupra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portat.
(*q*) *Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco*
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit:
Dat ſomnos adimitque & lumina morte reſignat.
(*r*) *Illa freta agit ventos, & turbida tranat*
Nubila——

(*s*) *Atlas*

(*s*) *Atlas* 'twas call'd; ſo high a one
That *Pen-men-maure*'s a Cherry-ſtone
Compar'd: You could not thruſt a Knife
'Twixt Heaven and it, to ſave your life;
(*t*) It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,
Or elſe 'tis thought we ſhould have Larks:
(*u*) Here firſt did *Mercury* alight,
To bait and reſt him after's flight;
Where having prun'd his heels a little,
And ſmooth'd his Plumes with * faſting ſpittle,
(*x*) From thence he took another freak,
As if he meant to break his neck.
(*y*) Even as a Hawk her ſelf doth carry
From Kill-ducks place to ſtoop her Quarry:
So *Mercury* to mortal view,
Himſelf from *Atlas* headlong threw.
Stones caſt by fam'd *Pariſian* ſlinger,
Compar'd to him, would ſeem to linger;
And arrows loos'd from *Grub-ſtreet* Bow
In *Finſbury*, to him are ſlow:

* *'Tis conceived he did that before he baited.*

——(*s*) *Famque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*
Atlantis duri——
——(*t*) *Cœlum qui vertice ſulcit.*
(*u*) *Hic primum paribus nitens* Cyllenius *alis*
Conſtitit:
(*x*) ——*Huic toto præceps ſe corpore ad undas*
Miſit;——
(*y*) *Avi ſimilis quæ circum littora circum*
Piſcoſos ſcopulos humilis volat æquora juxta:
Haud aliter terras inter, cœlumque volabat
Littus arenoſum Libyæ, *ventoſque ſecabat.*

Nay

Nay Lightning darted from above,
With flaming tail from angry *Jove*
Would in compariſon appear,
To creep like lazie Loyterer.
(z) The firſt place after this vagary,
He lighted on, was *Dido*'s Dairy;
Whence he *Æneas* ſoon did ſpie,
Ord'ring her Highneſs husbandry:
He took upon him as her Spouſe,
And vapor'd like the man oth' houſe;
For all that time as't came to paſs,
In quarrel high engag'd he was,
And ready in his fumigation
(As Hiſtories do make relation)
To fall to Logger-heads, as 't appears,
With a few ſawcy Carpenters,
Who building were a houſe of Eaſe,
For *Dido* in neceſſities:
They would not follow his advice,
(As Workmen ſtill are over-wiſe)
Which made him foam and flirt out ſpittle,
Becauſe they made the holes too little.
(a) Down hanging by his ſide he had
A dangerous bright-brown flaſhing Blade,
'T had been new furbuſht up at *Tyre*,
A better never paſs'd the Fire.

(z) *In primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis;*
Æneam fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem
Conſpicit——
(a) *Illi ſtellatus jaſpide fulva*
Enſis erat——

(*b*) Upon his back he had a Jerkin
Lin'd through, and through with ſable Merkin.
Given as a Preſent by the Queen:
It had indeed her Husband's been;
But neither by the nap, nor tearing,
Was it a pin the worſe for wearing.
This (as of either Queen or King,
Vile People will be cenſuring)
Was given *Æneas* for a Charm;
And though the Queen might think no harm,
Yet ſome have giv'n a parlous hint,
Of a ſtrange hidden virtue in't.
Equip't thus fine, *Mercury* found him,
(*c*) And roundly in his ear thus round him.
Thou here thy ſelf moſt buſie makes,
In building for the Queen a Jakes,
But never think'ſt, ſuch is thy wiſeneſs,
What ſhall become of thine own buſineſs;
The Thunder-thumper, who by threaves,
Makes men to quake like Aſpen-leaves;
(*d*) He whom the reſt oth' Gods do honour,
Has ſent me from *Olympus* Mannor.

—— (*b*) *Tyrioque ardebat murice Læna*
Demiſſa ex humeris: Dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas diſcreverat auro.
(*c*) *Continuo invadit: tu nunc* Carthaginis *altæ*
Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem
Extruis, (heu) regni, rerumque oblite tuarum.
Ipſe deûm tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cœlum & terras qui numine torquet.
(*d*) *Ipſe hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras.*
Quid ſtruis? aut quâ ſpe Libycis *teris otia terris?*

To ask thee what thou doſt intend,
Thy time thus wickedly to ſpend;
And loyter here like a hum-drum,
Not caring what thou doſt, nor whom.
(*e*) He ſays, though fearful, as a Stranger,
Thy Coxcomb thoul't not bring in danger,
To mend thy ſtate, nor get thy living
By any honeſt way of thriving: (care
(*f*) He thinks though thou might'ſt take ſome
Of him that is thy ſon and heir,
And not thraſh here like Bore unworthy,
When he has made proviſion for thee.
(*g*) *Mercury* vaniſht, having ſpoke as
Y'ave heard, like any *Hocus-Pocus*,
And homeward did forthwith aſpire,
Nor ever ſtay'd to drink at *Tyre*.
(*h*) But *Don Æneas* at the Viſion
Was in a very ſad condition;
He could not ſpeak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his hair did ſtand on end

(*e*) *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum*
Nec ſuper ipſe tuâ---&c.
(*f*) *Aſcanium ſurgentem, & ſpes hæredis Iüli*
Reſpice: cui regnum Italiæ, Romanaque tellus
Debentur
(*g*) *Talı Cyllenius ore locutus,*
Mortales viſus medio ſermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenu m ex oculis evanuit auram.
(*h*) *At vero Æneas aſpectu obmutuit amens,*
Arrectæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæſit.

So

So ſtiff, it thruſt his hat ſo far
Above his head into the air,
That a great Turky might have flown
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
Half-frighted out on's little wit,
(*i*) He now had Eggs (i'faith) oth' Spit,
'Till he was gone: (*k*) But how (alas!)
To break the matter to her Grace,
He knew no more, the baſhful Groom,
Than did the furtheſt man of *Rome*;
(*l*) Nor could he frame him to begin,
T'appeaſe that loving ſoul the Queen:
For nought more vexes Womens blouds,
Than to be left ſo in the ſuds.
In this Quandary, ſcratching's Pate,
After a penſive long debate,
He calls, at laſt, his Fellow Rake-hells,
(*m*) And bids 'em get their tools and tackles
Aboard their Wherries, and be heedfull
To lay in all things that were needfull,

(*i*) *Ardet abire fuga---*
(*k*) *Heu! quid agat?---*
---(*l*) *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem*
Audeat affatu? quæ prima exordia ſumat?
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partéſque rapit varias---
(*m*) *Claſſem aptent taciti, ſocios ad littora cogant,*
Arma parent,---

Especially meat: (o) but ſtow it
So ſecretly, that none might know it;
That on occaſion in a trice Sir,
They might be gone, and none the wiſer;
And ſince he humbly did conceive,
To ſteal away and take no leave,
Would be uncivil, and enough
To tear a heart though made of Buff:
He was reſolv'd to take the Queen,
(p) When ſet upon ſome merry pin,
And tell her plain with Vows moſt fervent,
He was her Graces humble Servant.
(q) But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who
Can think to cheat a Woman ſo?)
Was ſoon, I warrant you, aware
Oth' ſlippery trick he meant to play her.
'Tis true ſhe ever had been jealous
Of all ſuch vagrant kind of Fellows,
And kept her things ſafe under Lock,
E'r ſince the ſtealing of her Smock:
But now to add unto her fear,
She had it buz'd into her ear
(r) By that miſchievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before;

—(o) *Et quæ ſit rebus cauſa novandis*
Diſſimulent: quando interea optima Dido
Neſciat:——
——(p) *Et quæ molliſſima fandi*
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus——
(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)*
(r) *Præſenſit motúſque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tuta timens——

(s) Not

(*s*) Not, as they ſay, out of good will,
But to be brewing miſchief ſtill,
That he for all his fair pretences
(*t*) Had greas'd his boats, and waſht his benches,
And now was ready ſet on Wheels,
To ſhew a nimble pair of heels.
(*u*) This ſudden news, I do aſſure ye,
Put *Dido* in a deſp'rate fury,
And made her friſk about, and gad,
That all her people thought her mad;
Whilſt ſhe from houſe to houſe did fly,
As ſhe had run with *Hue* and *Cry*.
(*x*) Even as a Philly never ridden,
When by the Jocky firſt beſtridden,
If naughty Boy do thruſt a Nettle
Under her Dock, to try her mettle,
Does riſe and plunge, curvet and kick,
Enough to break her Rider's neck;
Even ſo Queen *Dido* at that tide,
Laying all Majeſty aſide,
Play'd ſuch mad freaks, that well were they
Could fartheſt get out of her way.
Thus flinging round from place to place,
At laſt, to make it ſhort, her Grace

—— (*s*) *Eadem impia fama furenti*
Detulit ——
—— (*t*) *Armari claſſem, curſumque parari.*
(*u*) *Sævit inops animi, totamque incenſa per urbem*
Bacchatur ——
—— (*x*) *Qualis commotis excita ſacris*
Thyas, *ubi audito ſtimulant Trieterica* Baccho
Orgia, nocturnuſque vocat clamore Citharon.

Finds me amongſt a Crew of Mad-Caps,
Æneas, at one mother *Red-Caps.*
Well overta'n (quoth ſhe) half weeping,
(y) *Æneas* thou'rt a precious Pepin,
To think to ſteal ſo ſlily from me,
When thou haſt had thy foul will o' me; (thee,
(z) Could not my love (thou Knave) have ſtaid
Nor yet the promiſe thou haſt made me?
Nor that thou know'ſt if thou wert gone,
My work would all be left undone;
But that thou'lt ſlink away, thou Varlet,
And leave me like forſaken Harlot?
(a) In Winter too, o'r bluſtring Seas,
When it 'twixt two a-Bed doth freeze?
(b) What though thou hadſt, as thou haſt none,
A houſe to go to, of thine own,
Couldſt find yet in thy heart to 'reave me
Of thy dear Company, and leave me?
(c) By this ſalt Rhume thou ſeeſt that wets
My cheeks, and by thy hand that ſweats,

(y) *Taadem his Æneam compellat vocibus ultrò;*
(z) *Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti, perfide, tantum*
Poſſe nefas? tacitúſque meâ decedere terrâ,
Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam
---Tenet?
(a) *Quinetiam hyberno moliris ſydere claſſem,*
Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum;
Crudelis,---
---(b) Quod ſi non arva aliena, domoſque
Ignotas peteres?
Manè fugis?---
---(c) Per ego has lachrymas, dextrâmque tuam te,
Per Connubia noſtra, per inceptos hymenæos

That

That bawdy Fiſt that has been laid
So oft where now ſhall not be ſaid;
I'm brief, by the whole matters carriage,
And by the earneſt of our marriage:
And by thoſe ſweet delights we ſtole,
When the rain drove thee into th' hole;
(*d*) If that Bout pleas'd thee; or ſince, any,
Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,
I do beſeech thee, *Trojan* fine,
Not to undoe both me and mine.
(*e*) For thy ſweet ſake the knaviſh *Lydians*,
The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,
In midſt of which is my abode,
Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.
For thee I firſt forewent all ſhame,
(*f*) And that I liv'd by, my good name;
And wilt thou, having ſpent thy ardor,
And eat me out of houſe and harbor,
(*g*) So baſely to my Foes betray me,
And neither ſtay with me, nor pay me?

(*d*) *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam*
Dulce meum, miſerere domos labentis---
Oro ſi quis adhuc precibus locus---
(*e*) *Te propter* Libycæ *gentes, Numadumque Tyranni*
Odere infenſi Tyri; *te propter eundem*
Extinctus pudor---
---(*f*) *Et quâ ſolâ ſidera adibam,*
Fama prior---
---(*g*) *Cui me moribundam deſeris hoſpes.*

(*h*) No ſooner ſhall thy back be turn'd,
But all my Building will be burn'd,
That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
Or elſe *Iarbas* here will ta' me.
If (as we oft have ventur'd it,)
I had but a big Belly yet,
A little *Trojan* coming on,
To play withall when thou art gone,
Then let the Rogues do what they durſt do,
I ſhould have ſomething yet to truſt to.
Æneas ta'en thus baſely tardy,
(*i*) Turn'd pale, and like a ſtick't Pig ſtar'd ye:
He could not ſtand upright but lean,
One might have fell'd him with a Bean;
Nay he was ſtruck ſo at her Speeches,
Some ſay he did defile his Breeches,
His Bowels did ſo yearn upon her;
But being that may wound his honour,
I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
To tell you what he ſaid and did;
Much was he mov'd at *Dido*'s words (ſwords:
Which ſtab'd him through and through like
Much griev'd to ſee her weep and ſob ſo,
To throw about her ſnot and throb ſo:

(*h*) *Quid moror? an meæ* Pygmalion *dum mœnia frater*
Deſtruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?
Saltem ſiqua mihi de te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
Ante fugam ſoboles, ſi quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas——
Non equidem omnino capta, aut deſerta viderer.
——(*i*) *Ille immota tenebat*
Lumina, & obnixus curam ſub corde premebat.

But

But *Mercʼries* Message more prevailing
Than her colloguing or her railing,
After a many fine Good-morrows,
(*k*) He thus began to salve her sorrows.
Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,
That thouʼrt the flower of Courtesie;
Or any slanders vile contrive,
I were the basest Knave alive.
I must confess, that thou, O Queen,
To me and to us all hast been
More like a Mother than a Friend,
So much Iʼll say, and there's an end;
(*l*) And if I ever do forget ye,
Or fail to drink a health to *Betty*,
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
Than top of *Carthage* Steeple Spire:
(*m*) Few words are best; if you'll be divil,
Iʼll tell the truth, and shame the Devil.
(*n*) I ne'r had thought, much less desire
Basely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*,

(*k*) *Tandem pauca refert; Ego te, quæ plurima fando*
Enumerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo
Promeritam——
——(*l*) *Nec me meminisse pigebit* Elisæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.
(*m*) *Pro re pauca loquar:*
——(*n*) *Nec ego hanc abscondere furto*
Speravi (*ne finge*) *fugam*——

And

And ſteal away from thee, my hony.
(*o*) But for the thing call'd Matrimony,
Although I did the thing you wot,
Jove be my Judge, I meant it not.
Indeed I took it for a kindneſs,
To be familiar with your Highneſs,
But if I ever thought of other,
Than one good turn requires another;
Or on ſuch terms e'r gave my fiſt,
I'm th' arrant'ſt Rogue that ever piſt.
(*p*) I muſt confeſs that if it lay
In my own power, as one may ſay,
That I had ſome good bargain made,
And bound my Son here to a Trade,
Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore
Had no one but my ſelf to care for;
I would as willing match with you,
As any Woman that I know:
(*q*) But as things ſtand, I needs muſt follow
The counſel of my Friend *Apollo*,
Who ſends me word I muſt convey me
To *Lycia* with all ſpeed that may be;
Where by a dainty Rivers ſide,
A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd

——(*o*) *Nec conjugis unquam*
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.
(*p*) *Me ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*
Auſpiciis, & ſponte meâ componere curas.
(*q*) *Sed nunc* Italiam *magnam Gryneus* Apollo,
Italiam Lyciæ *juſſere capeſſere ſortes,*
Hic amor, hæc patria eſt——.

Will

Will hold both me, and all my meany,
And cheap as forty Eggs a penny,
There then in downright truth do I
Intend to live and occupy.
(*r*) And if ſo be that you who are ſage,
Delight ſo in your Town of *Carthage*;
Why ſhould it be in us ſo great ſin,
Who have no houſe to thruſt our heads in,
To travel to a Foreign Nation,
For ſome convenient habitation?
(*s*) I can no ſooner go a-nights
To Bed (*Jove* bleſs us all from Sprights)
But that e'r I can frame to ſnore,
My Father's Ghoſt comes through the dore,
Though ſhut as ſure as hands can make it,
And leads me ſuch a fearfull racket;
I ſtew all night in my own greaſe,
So that your Maids may, if they pleaſe,
Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,
Each morning tyde, as much good Tallow
As well would liquor all their Sandals,
And make beſide ſix pound of Candles.

—— (*r*) *Si te* Carthaginis *arces*
Phœniſſam, Lybicæque *aſpectus detinet urbis*,
Quæ tandem Auſoniâ Teucros conſidere terrâ
Invidia eſt? & nos fas extera quærere Regna.
(*s*) *Me Patris Anchiſæ, quoties, humentibus umbris*
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis, & turbida terret Imago;
Me puer Aſcanius——

And

And all this is to have me gone,
And not ſtay here t' undo my Son;
(*t*) Beſides, not paſt an hour ago,
Jove ſent his Lacquey to me too;
I ſaw him fly, I'll (*u*) take my Oath,
(And Man has but his faith and troth)
As plainly o're your Dairy top,
As e'r I ſaw him on the Rope:
And heard him ſpeak as plain but e'n now,
As I hear you, or you hear me now.
(*x*) Then let me be ſo much beholding,
Unto your Grace to leave your ſcolding;
For I this Voyage undertake,
Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.
(*y*) This ſaid, the Queen in wrathful wiſe,
Rowling about her Goggle-eyes,
As ſhe would throw 'em in his face,
Unto her fury thus gave place.
Stinkard (quoth ſhe) now thy falſe heart
Shews what a cheating Knave thou art:

(*t*) *Nunc etiam interpres divûm* Jove *miſſus ab ipſo*
—— *celeres mandata per auras*
Detulit——
(*u*) *Teſtor utrumque caput*——
—— *Ipſe Deum manifeſto in lumine vidi*
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hauſi.
(*x*) *Deſine meque tuis incendere, teque querelis;*
Italiam non ſponte ſequor.
(*y*) *Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,*
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & ſic accenſa profatur.

The

The ſymptoms of a Rogue thou haſt all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Raſcal!
(z) No Man or Woman of good faſhion,
E'r coupl'd for thy procreation;
But Whelpt thou wert of Tinker's Bitch,
Under ſome Hedge, or in ſome Ditch:
Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir; nor care,
For all you look ſo big and ſtare:
Let thy foul hyde with malice burſt,
I do defie thee, do thy worſt.
(a) Inſtead of ſighing in this caſe,
Full ſowre thou belcheſt in my face;
And thou ſo ſtubborn art and canker'd,
Thou ſhed'ſt no tears, but tears oth' Tankerd.
Had'ſt thou but counterfeited paſſion,
To ſignifie commiſeration,
Or offer'd but a ſowre face, it
Had been a ſign of ſome ſmall grace yet;
But like a Logger headed Lubber,
Thou grinning ſtand'ſt, and ſeeſt me blubber;
(b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I ſee,
Will neither of 'em both chaſtiſe thee.

(z) *Nec te diva parens, generis nec* Dardanus *author,*
Perfide: ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanaque admorunt ubera Tigres,
Nam quid diſſimulo? ———
(a) *Num fletu ingemuit noſtro? num lumina flexit?*
Num lacrymas victus dedit? aut miſeratus amantem eſt?
— (b) *Jamjam nec maxima* Juno,
Nec Saturnius *hæc oculis pater aſpicit æquis.*

(c) There's

(*c*) There's no truth in this age we live in:
A wandring Beggar hither driven;
Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
No croſs to bleſs himſelf withall;
I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
Feaſted, and clad him like a Lord,
(*d*) And (like a ſimple hare-brain'd Jade)
This Youth hail-fellow with me made:
And now forſooth he cannot ſtay,
Apollo bids him run away.
(*e*) Nay though I have in friendly wiſe
Cur'd his mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice,
Yet having now fall'n to his lot,
A good rich Farm lies piping hot:
Should he ſtay here, it would undoe him,
(*f*) And *Jove* has ſent his Footman to him;
As if the Deities were ſo
Concern'd, they'd nothing elſe to doe,
But ſend their Lacqueys and their Pages,
To him on How-d'ye's and Meſſages.
But I'll waſte on thee no more breath,
For whom the wind that fumes beneath,

(*c*) *Nuſquam tanta fides! ejectum littore egentem*
Excepi,---
---(*d*) *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*
----Nunc augur Apollo.
(*e*) *Amiſſam claſſem, ſocios à morte reduxi,*
(*f*) *Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo*
Interpres divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras;
Scilicet is ſuperis labor eſt, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat.---

Is

Is far too ſweet: Avant thou ſlave!
Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,
Be moving, do as thou haſt told me!
(*g*) No body here intends to hold thee!
(*h*) Go! ſeek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
I'th' very bottom of the Sea:
But ſhouldſt thou ſcape, and not in Dike lie,
Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
Since in the proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'r be drown'd:
Yet ſhouldſt thou not be much the nigher,
(*i*) I'll haunt thee like a going-Fire,
As ſoon as I can turn t' a Ghoſt,
Which will be in a Week at moſt:
Then in the midnight ſleep I'll wake thee,
And ride thee worſe than any Hackney.
I'll terrifie thee day and night;
Nay if thou doſt but go to ——
There will I ſtand with flaming Taper,
To fizle thy Tail in ſtead of Paper.
(*k*) I'll make thee rue the time that e'r
Thou cam'ſt to play thy Knave's tricks here.

(*g*) *I ſequere Italiam ventis* ——
—— *Neque te teneo* ——
—— (*h*) *Pete regna per undas.*
Spero equidem mediis ——
Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis ——
—— (*i*) *Sequar atris ignibus abſens:*
Et cum frigida mors anima ſubduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. ——
—— (*k*) *Dabis improbe pœnas.*

(*l*) In

(*l*) In middle of this wrathful ſpeech
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech:
Her mouth was ſtopt, and on the ground
She ſilent lay in doleful ſwound:
Shut were her eyes; nor had ſhe hearing,
For what *Æneas* was (*m*) preparing,
Upon this pitiful occaſion,
To ſay in's own juſtification.
In haſte the *Trojans* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of her Trance;
They try'd to raiſe her in ſuch ſort,
As when men cry, *Le Corps eſt mort*:
But here the Charm would not prevail,
They could not raiſe her from her tail:
For though full light when her own Woman,
Yet in this heavy dump was no Man
Could raiſe her up, though ne'r ſo mighty,
Sorrow had made her Bum ſo weighty.
(*n*) At laſt a Crew of ſtrapping Jades,
That were, or ſhould have been, her Maids,
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
And having in her own Bed laid her,
With Ruggs they boulſter'd her about,
To try if ſhe could ſweat it out.

(*l*) *His medium dictis ſermonem abrumpit, & auras*
Ægra fugit———
(*m*) *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem*
Dicere———
——(*n*) *Suſcipiunt famuli, collapſáque membra*
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, ſtratiſque reponunt.

(*o*) *Æneas*

(o) *Æneas* though 'twas his deſire,
Something t' have ſaid might pacifie her,
And though his heart did bleed within him,
To think of what had paſt between 'em,
(p) Yet becauſe *Jove* ſo loud did threaten,
He ſooner durſt his nails have eaten,
Having ſo terribly been chidden,
Than not t' have done as he was bidden.
Therefore in haſte his Hoſteſs beckning,
To come and bring 'em in a reck'ning;
Straight to the Wharf repairs the hot-ſhot,
(q) Without once calling for his ſhot pot.
The *Trojans* now by his Commiſſion,
Lanch all their Boats with expedition;
You now upon the Ocean might ſee, (ly;
(r) The new greas'd Wherries ſwim moſt right-
They had new made 'em fine long Poles,
New pitcht their Oars, and made new Thouls;
Though many things were left undone,
(s) They were ſo eager to be gone.

(o) *At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem*
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore:
(p) *Juſſa tamen divum exequitur* ———
——— (q) *Claſſemque reviſit.*
Tum vero Teucri incumbunt & littore celſas
Deducunt toto naves: ———
——— (r) *Natat uncta carina:*
Frondentesque ferunt remos, & robora ſilvis
Infabricata ———
——— (s) *Fugæ ſtudio.*

(*t*) Then might you ſee 'em make their Sallies
From *Carthage* Town, through lanes and alleys;
Stealing away with lewd intentions,
To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Penſions;
Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
And dun 'em for their Quarters Table.
(*u*) As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
To fetch a hoard of Winter-food,
Return well laden with their Vict'les,
Fine yellow Crabs ſtuck round their prickles:
Even ſo the *Trojans* without doubt,
Were at this ſeaſon hurg about
With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,
To cloath their backs, and feed their palats.
(*x*) But what thought *Dido* in this caſe,
When thus ſhe ſaw them ſlink their ways;
From Garret-window ſaw 'em row,
And heard 'em crying *Eaſtward Hoe!*
(*y*) To ſee how Love makes Folk do things,
Againſt the hair, againſt the ſhins!

(*t*) *Migrantes cernas, totâque ex urbe ruentes*
(*u*) *Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum*
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt.
——— *It campis agmen prædámque per herbas*
Convectant calle anguſto, pars grandia trudunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris. pars——
(*x*) *Quis tibi tunc* Dido *cernenti talia ſenſus?*
——*Cum littora fervere late*
Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma totumque videres
Miſceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.
(*y*) *Improbe* A M O R, *quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*

For

For she, though full of indignation,
To be forsaken in this fashion;
And had she known but how to get him,
Could doubtless without salt have eat him;
Yet ne'rtheless, Love over-ruling,
(z) She fell again to her old puling;
And once more meant to try if pity
Would not recall him to the City.
(a) Look thee (quoth she) where he (my *Nancy*)
Whose able parts I do much fansie,
Has trust up all his Tools together,
To carry 'em the Lord knows whither.
(b) Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,
And shove a Stern to hasten out;
A Rout so base unthankful Peasants!
The Devil cut their yelping Weazons:
The bawling Rascals egg him on,
And make him madder to be gone.
Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
Could ever have been so uncivil,
Thus like a Jade to break his Teather;
I should have kept my Legs together:
Or have made bold t'have ty'd him faster,
To the due limits of his Pasture:

(z) *Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando*
Cogitur———
Nequid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.
(a) Anna, *vides toto properari littore circum:*
——(b) *Vocat jam carbasus auras,*
Puppibus & læti nautæ imposuere coronas.

(c) But ſince he holds me at this diſtance,
I beg thy ſiſterly aſſiſtance:
Thou know'ſt the temper of the Block-head,
And to a hair canſt fit his Pocket:
Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,
If e'r thou'lt do any thing for me,
(d) Run to the Wharf with might and main,
And try to bring him back again:
I promiſe thee, and if I break
My word, pray *Jove* I break my neck.
(e) If thou canſt bring him to my Bow,
I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.
(f) Tell him I e'r had more diſcretion,
Than to joyn iſſues with the *Grecian*:
I neither did meddle nor make,
But *as they brew'd, ſo let them bake:*
Nor did I e'r make Skittle-Pin-bones,
Or Bobbins of *Achiſes* Shin-bones:
Why ſhould he then without all ſenſe,
Thus uſe me like a Kitchin-wench?

—(c) *Soror miſeræ hoc tamen unum*
Exequere Anna *mihi: ſolam nam perfidus ille*
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere ſenſus.
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.
(d) *I ſoror atque hoſtem ſupplex affare ſuperbum.*
(e) *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miſerere ſororis)*
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte relinquam.
(f) *Non ego cum* Danais Trojanam *exſcindere gentem*
Aulide juravi, claſſémve ad Pergama *miſi;*
Nec patris Anchiſæ *cineres manèſve revelli.*
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?

(g) I would

(g) I would but beg one kindneſs from him:
(b) I will no more claim promiſe on him:
But only that he'll tarry here,
Half, or a quarter of a Year;
Whereby I may, before he go,
(i) Wean my ſelf from a Bed-fellow:
Or (if my conſtitution can
Not well ſubſiſt without a Man)
Until I can my ſelf ſupply,
With one to do my drudgery.
I'll ask no further obligation,
(k) But let him to his Navigation;
He may to *Latium* then addreſs,
And ſwim or ſink, all's one to *Beſs*.
(l) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,
When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,
She tucks her Coats about her haunches,
And to the water-ſide advances:
She tript ſo neatly to the Pyre,
It would have done one good to ſee her:
One would have thought ſhe'd gone in haſte,
Midwife to fetch, ſhe went ſo faſt.
At laſt ſhe came unto the place
Where *Dido*'s dear *Æneas* was;

—— (g) *Extremum hoc miſeræ det munus amanti.*
(b) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit oro,*
Tempus inane peto, requiem, ſpatiumque——
(i) *Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.*
(k) *Nec pulchro ut* Latio *careat regnumque relinquat,*
(l) *Talibus orabat, taleſque miſerrima fletus*
Fertque refertque ſoror——

She found him ſet amongſt his Mates,
The reſt oth' *Trojan* Runnagates,
Puff't like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
Roaring and drinking tory rory;
Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,
Would be a mile or two i'th' Gate.
The *Trojan* had no ſooner ſpide her,
But though he could not well abide her,
Yet 'cauſe he would part fairly with her,
He ask'd what wind had blown her thither.
She putting finger in the eye,
(As Women when they liſt can cry)
Told him in what a ſad condition
Her Siſter was; her laſt Petition,
And Pray'd him as he was a true Man,
Not to undo a proper Woman.
(*n*) But ſhe might e'n have ſav'd her juice,
And kept her tears for better uſe.
(*o*) His reſolution ſtill oppoſes,
He would go ſpite of all their Noſes;
(*p*) And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,
The more you twiſt, you ſtronger make it:

—— (*n*) *Sed nullis ille movetur*
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.
—— Lachrymæ volvuntur inanes.
(*o*) *Fata obſtant*, &c.
(*p*) *Ac veluti annoſam valido cum robore quercum*
Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
Eruere inter ſe certant, &c.——
Ipſa hæret ſcopulis, &c.
Haud ſecus aſſiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
Tunditur——
Mens immota manet——

Even

Even ſo, the more ſhe try'd to twind him,
She ſtill more obſtinate did find him.
(q) Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No Friends ſhe had could now perſuade her;
She ſtampt and ſtar'd, as ſhe were Wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to mind in woful wiſe,
Æneas had his treacheries,
How often he had ſtab'd her honour,
That men would now make Ballads on her;
She was reſolv'd without delay,
(a) Fairly to make her ſelf away,
And meant to put her reſolution
Into moſt tragick execution.
She had alas! too juſt incitement,
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
And reaſon good, by all relation,
Thus to proceed to condemnation:
For ſuch Portents, and dire Preſages,
As ſtill have been diſaſters Pages,
Foretold her overthrow ſo plainly,
She ſaw t'oppoſe it would in vain be.
(s) She call'd to waſh, and do you think,
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;

(q) *Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita* Dido.
(r) *Mortem orat; taedet cœli convexa tueri,*
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucémque relinquat.
(s) *Vidit thuricremis cum dona imponerent aris,*
Horrendum dictu, latices nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſaque in obſcœnum ſe vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.

And that by chance being Churning-day;
Her Cream moſt ſtrangely turn'd to Whay!
This *Dido* ſaw, but could by no means
Tell her own Siſter of the Omens.
But that which gave the moſt perſuaſion
Unto her full determination,
Was this, ſhe kept *Sichæus* bones
In a great Coffer made oth' nonce,
As ſundry others have done the like,
By way of ſuperſtitious Relick,
In a dark Cellar under-ground,
(*u*) From whence each night a diſmal ſound
Pierc't *Dido*'s tender ear, and wiſh't her,
Nay like a Husband admoniſh't her,
To fit her for her latter end,
For why he told her, as a Friend,
That in a very ſhort ſpace, ſhe
Should of this world, no Woman be.
(*x*) The Scrich-Owls too, were her moleſters,
Who ſtill were chanting out their Veſpers:
(*y*) Beſides ſhe had her Fortune told her,
When 'bout ſome dozen or ſo, no older;
That ſhe ſhould but one Husband have,
And after that a ſcurvy Knave

(*u*) *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis*
Visa viri; nox cum terras obſcura teneret
(*x*) *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*
Sæpe queri ——
(*y*) *Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum*
Terribili monitu horrificant ——

Should

Should ſteal her honour like a Thief,
And make her hang her ſelf for Grief:
Theſe ſad Portents falling ſo thick,
And pat one on another's neck,
Put the poor Queen beſides her ſenſes,
As a juſt Plague for her offences.
(*z*) She dreams *Æneas* now is going,
Like a falſe friend to her undoing,
And that ſhe muſt when *Trojan* goes,
For ever loſe her Play-fellows.
Which to a woman's cauſe ſufficient,
Let her be ne'r ſo well condition'd,
To raiſe her to extravagances,
When ſhe muſt part with what ſhe fancies.
(*a*) Even as a Bitches fury up is,
When People come to ſteal her Puppies:
So far'd the wrathful Queen that day,
When *Dildo* muſt be ta'n away:
She was ſo much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not live without him:
But in her deſp'rate reſolutions,
(*b*) Would hang her ſelf to try concluſions.

—— (*z*) *agit ipſe furentem*
In ſomnis ferus Æneas, ſemperque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam ——
(*a*) *Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aut Agamemnonius *ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,*
Illa ita concepit furiis ——
(*b*) *Decrevitque mori tempus ſecum ipſa modumque*
Exigit, & mœſtam dictis aggreſſa ſororem,
Conſilium vultu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat.

The

The time and manner ſhe projected,
And that ſhe might not be ſuſpected,
She ſmug'd her viſage up with ſmiles,
And thus her Siſter *Nan* beguiles,
(c) *Nancy* (quoth ſhe) I've found at laſt
A way, for all *Æneas* haſte;
If thou in the Exploit will join,
Shall pay him back in his own coin,
And bring him back by our contriving,
Since he's ſo goodly, dead, or living.
Seeing the Rogue my Love diſgraces,
I'll ſpoil his ſport in other places.
(d) A mile from hence, or ſuch a ſpace,
Down in a bottom lies a place,
Far out of all Highways and Roads,
Where nothing breeds but Frogs and Toads,
Snakes, Adders, and ſuch wicked Vermin,
That (can they catch 'em) will not ſpare men:
There in a Cave lies an old (e) Wretch,
An ugly rotten toothleſs Witch,
So old, that one would think ſhe were
The eldeſt Devil's Grandmother.

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratare ſorori)*
Quæ mihi reddat eum ——
——*Vel eo me ſolvat amantem.*
(d) *Oceani finem juxta ſolemque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum locus eſt; ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet ——
(e) *Hinc mihi* Maſſylæ *gentis monſtrata ſacerdos,*
Heſperidum templi cuſtos; epulaſque draconi
Quæ dabat, ——
Spargens humida mella ſoporiferumque papaver.

(f) Now

(*f*) Now this old Beldam can do wonders,
If ſhe but ſay the word, it thunders,
Lightens, or rains, or hails, or ſnows,
Or any weather you'll ſuppoſe.
She'll make a Cowl-ſtaff by her ſpelling,
Amble like any double Gelding;
And in the deep oth' night the baſe Hag,
Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag:
A Walnut ſhe to Sea can rig out,
And of an Egg-ſhel make a Frigot;
Nay in a Thimble ſteem the Flood,
Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
She can, where ſhe does owe a ſpight,
Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night;
And the Brides longing diſappoint,
By virtue of a Codpiece-point.
She can make People love or hate,
Ev'n whom ſhe pleaſe, and at what rate;
And by her Magick and her Spells,
Make Folks, or hang, or drown themſelves.
In ſhort, there's nothing that has ill in't,
But ſhe has admirable skill in't;
And does her miſchiefs too as quick,
As any Jugler does a trick.

—— (*f*) *Hæc ſe carminibus promittit ſolvere mentes*
Quas velit; aſt aliis duras immittere curas:
Siſtere aquam fluviis, & vertere ſidera retro;
Nocturnoſque ciet manes, mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & deſcendere montibus ornos.

(*g*) I take

(g) I take the gods to witneſs Siſter,
I'm led into this courſe ſiniſter,
Out of no end men wicked call;
But only for revenge, that's all.
And ſince I am ſo baſely croſt,
I'll have this Hag, or it ſhall coſt
More than I'll ſpeak of; ſhe perchance
May lead my *Trojan* ſuch a dance,
Shall make him glad as faſt as may be,
To come again and cry *Peccavi*;
Or make him hang himſelf at leaſt,
For an example to the reſt
Oth' Tribe of falſe diſſembling Yeomen,
That take a pride to ruine Women:
And by good luck ſhe's now hard by here,
Come not an hour ago to *Tyre*,
Sent for it ſeems about no ill deed,
To bleſs a Sow that lies in Child-bed,
And I'll go fetch her by her favour
With a *Sub-pœna*, but I'll have her.
(h) In the mean time go thou and tie,
Faſt to the great Beam, where I lie,
The beſt new Halter thou canſt chooſe,
And make a dainty running nooſe;
Like that fell to the Fellow's ſhare,
That made a Woman of a Mare.

(g) *Teſtor chara deos, & te germana, tuumque*
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingere artes.
(h) *Tu ſecreta pyram tecto interiore ſub auras*
Erige: ——

(i) Then

(i) Then take me out *Æneas* rayment,
All I have left in part of payment:
His greaſie Doublet and his Trowſes,
Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louſe is:
The treaſure he has left behind him,
In the great ſtanding Preſs you'll find 'em:
Stuff me 'em up with Straw or Litter,
The worſe the ſtuffing is, the fitter:
And ram the tatters with a vengeance,
As People uſe to ram their Engines:
Make haſte and doe as I have bid ye;
I'll hang the Raſcal in Effigie:
So I am adviſ'd to do, and ſo
(k) I mean to ſerve him, if I blow;
Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it
Will ſtay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.
(l) Thus having ſaid, the Queen chang'd colour,
No Ghoſt could e'r look pitifuller.
One would have thought by her dejection,
And by her woful wan complexion,
She had been going juſt oth' ſudden,
To drop and give the Crow a Pudden,

(i) *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit*
Impius, exuviaſque omnes, lectumque jugalem,
Quo perii, ſuperimponas:
——— (k) *Abolere nefandi*
Cuncta viri monumenta jubet, monſtratque ſacerdos.
(l) *Hæc effata ſilet; pallor ſimul occupat ora.*

(m) Nancy

(*m*) *Nancy*, (altho' ſhe ſaw the Queen
Ready to burſt her hoops for teen)
And well enough mark'd how ſhe look'd too,
Yet by her fine pretence was rook'd ſo,
She did no further on't conſider,
(*n*) But went about what ſhe had bid her;
Dreaming no more than her laſt Even,
Dido had been ſo lewdly given.
Away therefore my Laſs does trot,
And preſently an Halter got,
Made of the beſt ſtrong hempen Teer,
And e'r a Cat could lick her Ear,
Had ty'd it up with as much art,
As *Dun* himſelf could do for's heart:
The Rope, and ſay t'was got oth' ſudden,
Did prove ſo prime a ſpecial good one,
That with fair uſage it might come
To hang up *Carthage* all and ſome.
The *Trojans* Doublet ſhe had fill'd ſo,
'Twas very ſtrange the Buttons held ſo;
And that the cramming of his Breeches,
Had not quite broken out the Stitches;
His very Stockings, though they were,
About the feet, out of repair;
Yet ſhe made ſhift to ſtuff each Start-up,
And tie 'em to the reſt on's Wardrope:

(*m*) *Non tamen* Anna *novis prætexere funera ſacris*
Germanam *credit: nec tantos mente furores*
Concipit, aut graviora timet.———.
(*n*) *Ergo juſta parat*———

Having

Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
She laid him out in *Dido*'s room;
(*o*) Diſplay'd upon a fair long Board,
Ready when *Dido* gave the word,
To be advanc'd into the Halter,
Without the benefit on's Pſalter.
Scarce had ſhe thus diſpos'd her Trinkums,
When up the Stairs, behold the Queen comes,
(*p*) Leading along th' old rotten Gammer,
Into her Highneſs Matted-Chamber,
When ſhe was come, and ſaw the portly
Trophy in that moſt noble ſort lie,
As ſhe oft-times had ſeen the Sinner
Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner:
She fell again into a Paſſion,
Caus'd by a ſweet Commemoration,
Of paſt delights, ſeeing thoſe Breeches,
And humbly the old Gib beſeeches
To ſhew her utmoſt skill and cunning,
To keep her *Trojan* dear from running.
The mumbling Witch bad her not fear,
But reſt content, and of good chear,
And ſhe ſhould ſee ſhe'd make him ſtay,
Or foul her art ſhould ſay her nay.
(*q*) With that the Hag began her charm,
You would have thought ſhe'd had a ſwarm

—— (*o*) *Exuvias, enſemque relictum,*
Effigiemque toro locat.——
(*p*) *Stant aræ circum, & crines effuſa ſacerdos.*
(*q*) *Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaoſque,*
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

Of

Of Waſps or Hornets in her throat,
There came ſo ſtrange a humming out:
And as ſhe ſpoke, her hollow chaps,
Bound up in two thin ſhrivel'd flaps
Of old abominable leather,
Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together.
Her little eyes being fiery red,
Were ſunk ſo far into her head,
They lookt, when moſt ſhe ſtar'd at full,
Like farthing Candles in a Scull.
Her Noſe hung like an Arch between
Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin.
A craggy paſſage, and uncouth,
Over the dreadful Gulf her Mouth,
And Elf-locks hung ſo, on each ſhoulder,
'Twould make one tremble to behold her.
This Witch a Ribble-row rehearſes,
Of ſcurvy Names in ſcurvy Verſes,
Which by the manner of her mouthing,
Was certainly *Burleſque* or nothing.
And in theſe Rhythms as round ſhe limps,
Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
(r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion
With a tepid brackiſh Lotion,
For ought I know, of her own making,
By her much ſtirring, and pains taking.
(s) A red-heart breaker next ſhe mow'd off,
A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,

(r) *Sparſerat, & latices ſimulatos fontis Averni:*
(s) *Quæritur & naſcentis equi de fronte revulſus*
Et matri præreptus amor.——

And

And burnt it for a ſtrong perfume,
And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
Then hand in hand to dance they fall
A grave and ſolemn Magick-brawl,
In ſuch hard figures none could tread 'em,
But the old hobling Hag that led 'em.
Poor *Dido* too alas! made one,
Although her dancing days were done:
And though oppreſt with woe, and care, cut
Capers, and Tricotee'd it (*t*) barefoot;
(*u*) Imploring all the Deities,
At every Step, both he's and ſhe's,
To turn *Æneas* back, and make him
Follow the work he'd undertaken;
Or if he would not turn, t' afford
The grace to turn him over-board.
Thus to her footing the poor Jade,
Out of all meaſure curſt and pray'd
Againſt her Love had ſo offended,
Till dance and charm together ended.
(*x*) 'Twas now the time when Candles are
Repriev'd by the Extinguiſher;

(*t*) *Unum exuta pedem vinclis* ———
Teſtatúrque Deos ———
— (*u*) *Tum ſi quod non æquo fœdera amantes*
Curæ numen habet, juſtumque memorque precatur.
(*x*) *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem*
Corpora per terras, ſilvæque & ſæva quierant
Æquora ———
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aſpera dumis
Rura tenent, ſomno poſitæ ſub nocte ſilenti
Lenibant curas. ———

When every thing to ſleep down lies,
Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties;
And Men and Women reſt their heads
And heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.
Now Men, and Fiſhes, Birds, and Beaſt,
And every thing was laid to reſt;
(y) All but the woful Queen (alas!)
Who now was brought unto that paſs,
What with her love, and what with ſpight,
She could not ſleep one wink all night.
Her Stomach now was piping hot,
(z) It boyl'd and bubbl'd like a Pot,
And did ſo ſtrong a wambling keep,
She fitter was to ſpew than ſleep.
Have you not ſeen an Animal
Yclep't an Horſe, when in his Stall,
The Botts, that terrible diſeaſe,
Doth on his tender Bowels ſeize.
What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks
He rouling plays upon the Planks?
So *Dido*, croſt in her Amours,
Tumbled away her ſleeping hours.
Now on her back, and in ſuch faſhion,
As if ſhe lay for Conſolation;
Now on her belly, now her ſide,
All poſtures, and all ways ſhe try'd;

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœniſſa: nec unquam*
Solvitur in ſomnos, oculiſque aut pectore noctem
Accipit:——
—— (z) *Magnoque irarum fluctuat æſtu,*

But

But all in vain, nothing would do,
(*a*) Her heart was ſo oppreſt with wo,
And love within her did ſo rumble,
She could do nought but toſs and tumble:
At laſt in midſt of agitation,
(*b*) She thus brake out into a paſſion:
Which way poor *Dido* ſhould'ſt thou turn thee,
Whilſt cruel Love does thus heart-burn thee?
Thou haſt of hope not one ſpark left,
Th'haſt brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,
Not one poor dram of Conſolation,
O Woman vile in deſperation!
What ſhall I do in this condition,
To keep me from the World's deriſion?
(*c*) Shall I invite to be my Spouſe,
Some one I have forbid my houſe?
Some Saucy, proud *Numidian* Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take
(*d*) *Æneas* leavings, or like Trull here,
Run away baſely with this Sculler?

(*a*) *Ingeminant curæ, rurſuſque reſurgens*
Sævit amor ——
(*b*) *Sic adeo inſiſtit, ſecumque ita corde volutat,*
En quid agam? ——
—— (*c*) *Rurſuſne procos irriſa priores*
Experiar? Numadumque petam connubia ſupplex,
Quos ego ſum toties jam dedignata maritos?
(*d*) *Iliacas igitur claſſes atque ultima Teucrum*
Juſſa ſequar? ——
—— *Sola fugâ nautas comitabor ovantes;*

(e) Or ſhall I raiſe the Town in ſwarms,
And bring him back by force of Arms!
Alas, I fear it is no boot!
Foul means will never bring him to't,
(f) No, no, I'll dye! this Halter yet,
When all Trades fail, ſhall doe the feat.
(g) Ah! Siſter, Siſter, hadſt not thou
Play'd Miſtreſs *Quicklies* Office ſo,
And ſooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed folly:
No, had I made the leaſt reſiſtance,
And kept the ſaucy Knave at diſtance,
I might have us'd him as my liſt,
And ne'r been brought to had I wiſt.
(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating.
(i) Whilſt he Drum-full with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful paſſion
He had moſt vilely left his Drab in,
Lay drunk and ſnoring in his Cabbin.

(e) *An Tyriis omnique manu ſtipata meorum*
Inſequar?———
(f) *Quin morere ut merita es: ferroque averte dolorem,*
———(g) *Tu prima furentem*
His germana malis oneras,———
(h) *Tantos illa ſuo rumpebat pectore quæſtus.*
(i) *Æneas celſa in puppi*———
Carpebat ſomnos———

(k) But

(*k*) But *Merc'ry* though he ſlept profoundly,
(*l*) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,
And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou louſie,
Mangie, careleſs, drunken, drowſie
Coxcombe; how oft muſt I be ſent
Hither from *Jove* to complement
Your Worſhip to a reverent care
Of the young Baſtard here, your Heir?
Whilſt faſt thou ly'ſt tipled, or tipling;
Nor car'ſt what danger the poor Stripling
Lies open to. (*m*) Y'ad beſt ſnore on,
Some body will be here anon:
Take t'other nap, Do, till the Queen come,
She'll reckon with you for your in-come.
She'll rowſe ye faith! And (Goodman Letcher)
'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
About your ears: Therefore my loving
Acquaintance, you were beſt be (*n*) moving.
Upon my word the advice is wholſome,
Stay not until that angry Soul come:

(*k*) *Huic ſe forma Dei———*
Obtulit in ſomnis ———
Omnia Mercurio *ſimilis———*
——(l) rurſuſque ita viſa monere eſt
Nate Dea———
——(m) potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos?
Nec quæ circumſtent te deinde pericula cernis
Demens?———
Illa dolos ——— in pectore verſat.
(*n*) *Non fugis hinc præceps dum præcipitare poteſtas?*
Eia age, rumpe moras.———

For if thou doſt, mark what I ſay,
And be'ſt not gone befor't be day,
(o) If *Carthage* ben't about your ears
As ſoon as ever day appears,
And do not thraſh you back and ſide,
Far worſe than *Agamemnon* did;
Thoſe of your Woman-ſtealing Rabble,
Give me but ſix-pence, if thou'rt able,
And here's my hand, I do not ſport,
I'll give thee twenty ſhillings for't.
(p) Thus having ſaid, away he flies,
E'r Toſs-pot could unglew his eyes,
Which were ſo cemented in that caſe,
The Page was got as far as *Atlas*,
Back on his way e'r he could free'em,
From gowl and matter fit to ſee him:
But having ſtreakt and yawn'd awhile,
Snorted, and kept the uſual coil
That Drunkards uſe in ſuch like caſes,
And made ſome dozen Devils faces;
At laſt he got his eyes unglew'd
Into a pretty magnitude.
He ſtar'd about to ſpy the Viſion
Had given that courteous admonition:
But 'twas ſo dark, as well it might,
Being 'twixt twelve and one at night;

(o) *Jam mare turbari trabibus ſæváſque videbis*
Collucere faces, &c.
Si te hic attigerit terris aurora morantem.
— (p) *Sic fatus nocti ſe immiſcuit atræ.*

That

That had the nimble Currier
In kindneſs ſtaid his leiſure there,
Though clad in *Falſtaffs Kendall Green*,
He could not poſſibly be ſeen.
(q) *Æneas* troubled herewithall,
Seeing he could not ſee at all,
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates amain.
(r) Riſe Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,
(s) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye,
His man was here, and calls to go ſtill,
His ſweaty Pumps are in my Noſe ſtill.
He ſwears and offer'd to lay odds on't,
And if he ſay't, I'll lay my — on't,
That if we do not leave the Dock,
And get us hence by four a Clock,
We ſhall be murther'd if we were
Ten times as many as we are.
Therefore I think it not amiſs for's
To launch, for there are Rods in piſs for's.
Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,
Till we be got clear out of all ken;
Then if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage* if they can come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Æneas ſubitò exterritus umbrâ*
Corripit è ſomno corpus, ſociosque fatigat.
(r) *Præcipites vigilate viri,* ———
—— (s) *Deus æthere miſſus ab alto,*
Feſtinare fugam, torteſque incidere funes
Ecce iterum ſtimulat. ———

(t) And thou (O *Jove*, top of my kin!)
Who hitherto ſo kind haſt been,
(u) If now thou ſtick, and do not fail's,
Let *Dido* whiſtle in our tails.
Thus having ſpoken, and thus pray'd,
(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,
And at one ſlaſh, to all mens wonder,
Cut the Boats triple Cord aſunder.
(y) At which the Gang ſpur'd by ſo ample,
So mighty and renown'd example,
Cut all the reſt; nor ſtaying Brooks,
But let the Devil take the hooks,
And ſhipping Oars, to work they fall,
Like men that row'd for good and all.
Had it been day, no doubt one might
Have then beheld a gallant ſight.
Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
So neatly (z) bruſht as they were then
Of many a year: Crabs that did neſt
Full deep therein, could take no reſt:

——(t) *Sequimur te ſancte, deorum*
Quiſquis es.——
(u) *Adſis, ô placidúſque juves & ſydera cœli*
Dextra feras!——
——(x) *Dixit, vaginâque eripit enſem*
Fulmineum, ſtrictoque ferit retinaculâ ferro.
(y) *Idem omnes ſimul ardor habet*——
—— *rapiuntque, ruuntque*
Littora deſeruere——
——(z) *& cærula verrunt:*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Baſon,
So admirably well, that *Jaſon*,
Although he ſhav'd the golden Fleece,
Ne'r waſh't him half ſo well as theſe.
(b) *Aurora* now, who I muſt tell ye,
Was grip't with dolors in her belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head
Slipping on Petticoat of red,
Forth of the morning doors ſhe goes,
In haſty wiſe to pluck a Roſe;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the ruſty hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping hole to ſpie,
What was become oth' *Trojanry*.
But out alas! (d) The devil a ſail
Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail
The Dock was ſtript; whilſt far from ſhore
They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.
At which ſad ſight, in Wrath (God bleſs us!)
(e) Tearing her dainty yellow Treſſes,
She ſighing ſaid, Was ever ſeen
So pitiful an undone Queen!
And ſhall this filthy *Trojan* Royſter
Undo, as one would do an Oyſter,

(a) *Adni i torquent ſpumas*———
(b) *Et jam prima novâ ſpargebat lumine terras*
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora *cubile.*
(c) *Regina è ſpeculis ut primum albeſcere lucem*
(d) *Vidit, & aquatis claſſem procedere velis,*
Littoraque & vacuos ſenſit ſine remige portus.
(e) *Flaventéſque abſciſſa comas, Proh!* Jupiter! *ibit*
Hic ait, & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?

Poor

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
Maugre what I can doe or ſay!
Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave,
As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
With Wherries upon *Neptune*'s lakes!
The Devil ſure farts in his Poop,
And puffs his kicking Sculler up;
Or elſe ſome dirty Suburb drab
Has helpt the Raſcal to a clap,
And ſent a Running Nag to Sea,
He could not elſe make ſo much way.
(*f*) Cannot I burn, nor ſink their floats,
A louzy Fleet of rotten Boats!
Yes, I'm a Queen, to Sea my people;
Let none remember he's a Cripple:
But run and row, ſound, and unfound,
And thoſe you kill not, bring home bound!
(*g*) But tarry, goody Magiſtrate,
Your big Commands come now too late.
Poor *Dido*, ſorrow makes thee giddy,
They're got to Sea five Leagues already.
(*h*) Queen thou art mortal, and muſt dye
A Sacrifice to Lechery.

(*f*) *Non arma expedient? totaque ex urbe ſequentur?*
——ite;
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
(*g*) *Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ mentem infania mutat?*
Infelix Dido!——
——(h) Nunc te facta impia tangunt;
Tum decuit, cum ſceptra dabas.——

Time

Time was thou might'ſt have ſomething done,
But now farewel Dominion.
(*i*) This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mothers Smock was lapt in.
Of twenty *Greeks*, this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,
And through the fire a pick a pack,
Bore the old ſinner on his back,
Bed-rid *Anchiſes*; this was he
Made the brave Voyage o'r the Sea.
This was your truſty *Trojan*, this:
Now he ſhews what a man he is!
(*k*) Whilſt he was here, why did I not
Cut the falſe Rogues devouring throat!
(*l*) Or of his Baſtard make a Pye,
And being bak'd in paſte of Rye,
(*m*) Make the good Trencher-man his naſty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton Paſty!
Why did I not, e'r this diſgrace,
Kill him, and all his treach'rous (*n*) race?

— (*i*) *En dextra fideſque;*
Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare Penates.
Quem ſubiiſſe humeris confectum ætate parentem,
(*k*) *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis*
Spargere? ——
—— (*l*) *Non ipſum abſumere ferro*
Aſcanium——
—— (*m*) *Patriiſque epulandum apponere menſis:*
—— (*n*) *Natumque patremque*
Cum genere extinxem; memet ſuper ipſa dediſſem.

I then

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart moſt ſneakingly.
(o) Thou *Sol* who didſt in pimping ſort,
Becauſe thou wouldſt not ſpoil our ſport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy weather:
And you that brought young Folks together,
(p) Procureſs *Juno*, *Jove* and all
Ye members of *Olympus* Hall,
I charge ye, as y'are Folks of faſhion,
Grant this my lateſt (q) ſupplication.
If nothing can this Rogue withſtand,
But that he muſt get ſafe to (r) Land,
Let it be ſuch a Land as he
Had better far upon the Sea
With all his Com-rogues have been drown'd,
Than ſuch a wretched place have found.
May he, where he expects his Leaſes,
Ne'r know what ſuch a thing as Peace is;
(s) But be drub'd daily back and ſide,
Till his bones rattle in his hyde.
May he ne'r ſleep an hour in quiet,
But be diſturb'd with rout and riot;

(o) *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras;*
(p) *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conſcia* Juno,
Nocturniſque Hecate———
Et diræ ultrices, &c.———
—— (q) *Noſtras audite preces———*
—— (r) *Si tangere portus*
Infandum caput, ac terris adnare neceſſe eſt.
—— (s) *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*
Finibus extorris———

Black

Black be his days, and may his nights
Swarm with hob-goblings, ghoſts, and ſprights;
May Strangers daunt him with bravado's,
(*t*) And Spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;
May he at laſt fall worſe than Sea-ſick,
And find no Quack to give him Phyſick:
(*u*) No help for money, or for love found,
But let him lie and rot above ground.
May none give houſe-room to the Mungril,
But let him periſh on ſome (*x*) Dunghil.
And when his treach'rous Soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcaſs be deſerted,
As Traytors quarters Men expoſe
To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.
(*y*) This my laſt pray'r is, hear it then,
I ſhall ne'r trouble you again.
And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (*z*) Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.
Kill 'em like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'r my Grave:

—— (*t*) *Complexu avulſus Iüli,*
(*u*) *Auxilium imploret*——
—— (*u*) *Videatque ſuorum*
Funera——
—— *Mediaque inhumatus arena.*
(*y*) *Hæc precor; hanc vocem extremam*——*fundo.*
(*z*) *Tum vos ô* Tyrii, *ſtirpem & genus omne futurum*
Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite noſtro
Munera——

(*a*) And may thoſe Children that are yet
To bear, and thoſe that are to get,
Torment them ſtill by Land and Water,
And ſtill may thoſe that follow after
Hate worſe and worſe, that ſo it fall,
The laſt may hate them worſt of all.
(*b*) This ſaid, ſhe let a groan, and ſigh'd
A doleful ſigh, that propheſi'd
The thred was ſpun, and that the *Parcæ*
Would ſhortly cut it without mercy.
(*c*) In mind ſhe weigh'd, as ſhe ſat crying,
What kind of death was beſt to dye in.
Poyſon ſhe thought would not be quick,
And which was worſe, would make her ſick;
That being therefore wav'd, ſhe thought,
That neatly cutting her own throat,
Might ſerve to do her buſineſs for her,
But that ſhe thought upon with horror,
Becauſe 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to ſee her blood.
The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way ſhe thought 'twould be a done thing
Soon, and with ſome delight; for why,
Sorrow had made her Grace a-dry.

—— (*a*) *Pugnent ipſique nepotes;*
Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor.
—— *Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera ſunto.*
(*b*) *Hæc ait* ——
—— (*c*) *Et partes animum verſabat in omnes,*
Inviſam quærens quamprimum abrumpere lucem.

But

But then again ſhe fell a thinking,
She ſhould be ſomewhat long a linking,
Having been ever light of members;
And to diſſuade her more, remembers,
'Twould ſpoil the cloths might do ſome one
Credit, when ſhe was dead and gone.
On theſe mature deliberations,
She lik'd none of theſe dying faſhions:
But looking up, and ſeeing the Rope
Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber top,
With neat alluring Nooſe, her ſick Grace
E'n long'd to wear it for a Necklace:
And in that Circle in concluſion,
She prick'd the point of reſolution.
(*d*) But an old woman being by her,
One of her Chattels brought from *Tyre*,
An ancient heir-loom to the Queen,
'Cauſe ſhe her Husband's Nurſe had been:
She meant to ſend her firſt away,
On ſleeveleſs Errand (as we ſay)
That ſhe might have her ſwing alone,
To doe her execution.
(*e*) *Cicely* (quoth ſhe) go to my Siſter,
Bid her tye up her head, and wiſh her
To waſh her hands in Bran or Flower,
And do you in like manner ſcour

(*d*) *Tum breviter* Barcen *nutricem affata* Sichæi.
(*e*) Annam *chara mihi nutrix huc ſiſte ſororem:*
Dic corpus properet fluviali ſpargere lymphâ,
—— *Tuque ipſa piâ tege tempora vittâ.*

Your

Your dirty Golls; for I intend to
Make a good Cheeſe, and for a Friend too,
Oth' Mornings Milk; let it be her care
To take the great braſs Pan i'th' Larder,
And ſile the Milk into't: and hear ye,
Take you the large Cheeſe-Fat i'th' Dairy,
And ſcour it clean with Sand; bid *Jone* too
Get on the Pot, that ſhe may come too,
And when the Cheeſe is come, but break it,
And call: for I'll come help to make it.
(*f*) The hobling Trot limps down the Stairs,
And now the deſp'rate Queen prepares;
(*g*) Although her woful heart did pantle,
To make her ſelf a ſad example.
(*h*) Towards the fatal ſtring ſhe moves
With tardy pace, as it behoves
Thoſe who by *Nicholas* led aſtray,
Wilfully make themſelves away.
When ſhe came underneath the Halter,
The colour in her face did alter;
Whilſt down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
As if her eyes had been at Bowls.
Firſt ſhe beholds with trickling eyes,
(*i*) *Æneas* his moſt dear diſguiſe:

—— (*f*) *Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili.*
(*g*) *Et trepida —— & pallida morte futura.*
(*h*) *Interiora domus irrumpit limina, & altos*
Conſcendit ſuribunda rogos——
——Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.
(*i*) *Hic poſtquam Iliacas veſtes, notumque cubile*
Conſpexit,——

And

And as the Trowles the ſurvey'd,
Reflecting how ſhe'd been betray'd;
Sighing, cry'd out (k) Oh! thou who wert
The joy and comfort of my heart,
Whilſt Casket to my deareſt Jewel;
But ſince the Fates have been ſo cruel,
My grief and ſhame, farewell for ever;
And here I prophecie that never,
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
Shall mortal Bubo e'r come near thee.
Farewell, my lateſt leave I take,
And kiſs the Caſe for Ho-boys ſake.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe mounts the Table,
Becauſe though tall, ſhe was not able
To reach the Halter that muſt tye
Her faſt to doleful Deſtiny!
And having, like too apt a Scholar,
Thruſt her plump neck into the Collar,
As 'tis you know, the hanging fashion,
She thus began her laſt Oration:

(l) That I have liv'd, quoth ſhe, and how,
I doubt, (alas!) too many know;
But that I now will dye, is known
To no one but my ſelf alone:
And if I Natures debt do pay,
And hang my ſelf before my day,
The cenſuring World can ſay but this,
That I'm the better Pay-miſtris:

(k) *Dulces exuviæ, dum fata, Deuſque ſinebant.*
——Dixitque noviſſima verba.
(l) *VIXI, & quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi.*

And though I dye a death they ſay,
Makes Sufferers themſelves bewray
And dye uncleanly Corps; yet I
Shall leave, although I purging dye,
And go out ſtrong as Candle-ſnuff,
A fame ſhall favour ſweet enough.
(*m*) For murther'd ſpouſe I've made amends yet
As far as Stealing could revenge it,
And made *Pygmalion* that undid us,
Pay Sauce for making People Widows.
And at my proper coſt and charges,
A Village built, which for its largeneſs,
(*n*) In a few Years, might well have grown
To be a pretty Market-Town,
Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
T' undo what all my care had done.
Then going to turn off: (*o*) But muſt
I go, quoth ſhe, and is it juſt,
I dye like Felon vile, or Traytor?
Sans vengeance on this Fornicator?
(*p*) And whilſt the Stallion proudly ſtalks it,
Muſt I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
Yes dye, as 'twas foretold thee long ſince,
If but to trouble the Knave's conſcience:

(*m*) *Urbem præclaram ſtatui, mea mœnia vidi;*
Ulta virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi
(*n*) *Felix, heu nimium felix, ſi littora tantum*
Nunquam Dardanix tetigiſſent noſtra carinæ!
(*o*) *Sed moriamur ait; ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.*
(*p*) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto*
Dardanus, & noſtræ ſecum ferat omnia mortis.

Then

Then 'cauſe ſhe would to part the ſweeter,
A portion have of *Hopkin's* Meeter;
As People uſe at Execution,
For the *Decorum* of concluſion,
Being too ſad to ſing, ſhe ſays

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,
And Ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat;
Thus, thus, (quoth ſhe) to ſhades of night
I go, and thus I take my flight.
(q) With that ſhe from the Table ſwung,
And happy 'twas the Rope was ſtrong
Enough, in ſuch a ſwing to ſtop her,
Her Grace might elſe have broke her Crupper.
(r) So have I ſeen in Foreſt tall,
From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,
And Bully tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for hanging, down fell ſhe.
She caper'd twice or thrice moſt finely;
But the Rope embrac'd her neck ſo kindly,
Till at the laſt in mortal trance,
She did conclude the diſmal dance.
A yellow Aromatick matter
Dropt from her heels, commixt with water,

(q) *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia*——
(r) *Non aliter quam ſi immiſſis ruat hoſtibus omnis*
Carthago——

Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,
(s) Set all the house in sad uproar,
All at the first that they amiss thought,
Was that her Grace had mist the Piss-pot:
But when the Stairs they had ascended,
And saw her Majesty suspended;
The Servants frighted past their senses,
Tumbled o'r Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
And ran to all the near abidings,
With open cry to tell the tydings.
(t) Even like unto the dismal yowl,
When trustful Dogs at midnight howl;
Or like the Dirges that through Nose
Hum out to daunt their *Pagan* Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle,
With such a yell did *Carthage* rattle.
(u) At the first news poor *Nancy* skreeks,
And tearing hair, and scratching cheeks,
Ran up the Stairs, and like a Fell threw,
Made all that stopt her feel her Elbow:
Till having justled all opposers,
And thrust some twenty on their Noses;

—— (s) *It clamor ad alta*
Atria; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,
(t) *Lamentis, gemituque, & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus æther:
Non aliter quam si, &c. ——
(u) *Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu,*
Unguibus ora soror fœdans, & pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit. ——

At last the place she set her foot on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten.
(*x*) Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer *Twyster*,
To buy a Rope! (*y*) Was this, quoth she,
Your fine device to cozen me!
Could none a Halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made accessary!
Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
I still thy chiefest Confident was!
(*z*) What didst thou know, but kindly I,
Might e'n have hang'd for company?
But in thy ruine, I and all
Thy people suffer, great and small.
And in this wilful Woman-slaughter,
(*a*) Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* son and daughter.
(*b*) But stay, methinks I am not hasty,
To close those eyes that stare so gastly.
(*c*) Which said, her Buttocks on the Board
She sos'd, that all the Chamber roar'd.

(*x*) *Hoc illud germana fuit?*———
——— (*y*) *Me fraude petebas?*
Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes araque parabant?
— (*z*) *Comitémne sororem*
Sprevisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c.———
(*a*) *Extinxti te, meque, soror, populumque, patresque*
Sidonios, urbemque tuam; date vulnera lymphis,
(*b*) *Abluam*———
— (*c*) *Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos,*

And

And being an active Lass and light,
At one jump more stood bolt upright.
(*d*) Thrice in her arms did *Nancy* catch her,
Thrice thumpt her bosome to dispatch her.
And thrice her latest breath did roar,
In hollow sound at Postern-door.
(*e*) Then *Juno* who had ever been
As 'twere, sworn Sister to the Queen:
Hearing the lamentable cries
That from her Village pierc'd the Skies;
Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,
Where seeing all things off the hooks,
And *Dido* in unseemly sort
Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,
(*f*) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,
Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle;
She call'd a little Emissary,
That us'd her Embassies to carry,
One Mistriss *Iris*: a main pretty
Nimble House-wife, and a witty,
One that if bidden once, would do't,
And had the length of *Juno*'s foot
So right, that for her parts and feature,
She was become her Mistress creature.

(*d*) *Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu. &c. ———
Ter sese attollens ———
Ter revoluta toro est ———.
(*e*) *Tum* Juno ———
——— (*f*) *longum miserata dolorem.*

This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's)
At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.
And though by birth a Dyer's daughter,
Yet had her Friends full well up brought her,
And because *Juno* gave great Wages,
Prefer'd her thither for a Pages.

Her *Juno* call'd away from Starching,
And big with fears, bid her be marching,
(g) Put on her Wings, and swiftly clip it.
To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

Iris, when young, had learnt to fly
(As Youth is full of Waggery)
Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
And for her journeys, lately made
Fine party-colour'd Wings to fly in,
No worse than of her Father's Dying;
Who knowing that his Daughter was
To be prefer'd to such a place,
And what she must b' employ'd about,
Had spar'd no cost to set her out.

(b) At the command of Heavens Goddess,
She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,
Which waving, did adorn the Skie,
With all the fair variety
Of colours that the Rainbow shows,
When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths.

—— (g) Irim *demisit* Olympo,
Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.
(b) *Ergo* Iris *croceis per cælum roscida pennis,*
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Devolat ——

Full

Full swift she flew, till coming near
Carthage, she made a Cancelleer,
And then a stoop, when having spy'd
Queen *Dido*'s Window staring wide;
(Set open you may well presume,
(As there was cause) to air the room.)
She nimbly, to all Folks amazement,
Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.
(*i*) On *Dido*'s head she took her stand,
And cry'd, whilst flourishing a Brand,
Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,
Epilogue to this Tragedy to try;
And thus, O *Dido*, let thee loose,
From twitch of suffocating noose.
(*k*) Which said, and rolling high her Blade
With great dexterity, the Maid,
(*l*) O wonderful! even at one side blow
Spoil'd a good Rope, and down drops *Dido*.

(*i*) *Et supra caput astitit. Hunc ego Diti*
Sacrum jussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.

(*k*) *Sic ait*

(*l*) *Et dextra crinem secat. Simul omne*
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

FINIS.